# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XIX. NO. 32. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858. WHOLE NO. 968.

**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

*AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,*

*At its Office,* 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

**PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,**

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.


## Pro-Slavery.

### DOUGLAS AT THE SOUTH.

[Senator DOUGLAS made a political speech in New Orleans on the 6th inst, the principal part of which is copied below.]

I HAVE one gratification in yielding to your request that I would address you on the present occasion. I desire to know whether *the principles which are admitted to be sound and orthodox in the free States can pass current in the slave States.* So long as we live under a common Constitution, binding on the people of all the States, any political creed which cannot be proclaimed in Louisiana as boldly as in Illinois must be unsound and unsafe. With the view of testing this question I shall not attempt to enter upon any new views, or propound any original ideas, but simply discuss these existing questions, in the same way as I have always done before an Illinois audience. The tendency of events during the past fifteen years has been to force the organization of political parties on a geographical basis, to array the North against the South, embittering the South against the North, under the misapprehension that there is some irreconcilable antagonism between the interests of the one and the other, which prevents harmony between them. For the last twenty-five years I have been in public life; fifteen years of which have been spent in the Congress of the United States, and the whole of my life has been devoted to the discovery and elucidation of some common ground on which Northern and Southern men might stand on terms of equality and justice. If you will take pains to examine the history of this sectional strife, you will find that the whole contest has arisen from an attempt on the part of the Federal Government to assume, or usurp, if you will, the exercise of powers not conferred by the Federal Constitution. When this government was formed, the confederacy consisted of thirteen States—twelve of which were slaveholding States, while one was what is called a free State. Of course, had the doctrine then prevailed which was proclaimed by my opponent, Mr. Lincoln, in Illinois, and by Mr. Seward, in New York, and by the leaders of the Abolition and Black Republican party throughout the North—the doctrine that uniformity in the domestic institutions of the several States is necessary—that a house divided against itself cannot stand; that this government, divided between free States and slave States, cannot endure; that it must become all free or all slave; that it must be all the one thing or the other—what do you suppose, had such a doctrine prevailed when the Constitution was made, would have been the result? Suppose that Mr. Seward himself had been a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution, and when the members came to affix their signatures to the instrument, this doctrine of uniformity had been proclaimed—this doctrine that the domestic institutions of the several States must be the same—what would have been the effect? Would the one free State have out-voted the twelve slave States? On the contrary, would not the twelve slave States have out-voted the one free State, and thus slavery have been established in all the States forever by an irrevocable provision of the Constitution?

Why, then, was this not done? Simply because the sages who formed our government had more at heart the great principle of civil liberty than the desire of sectional power or sectional advantage—because they wished to establish the principle that each State should possess the sovereign power of legislation over its own domestic institutions—to form them and modify them to suit themselves, retaining slavery so long as they might desire to retain it, and abolishing it whenever they chose. This government was formed on the principle of State Rights and State Sovereignty. It is a confederacy of sovereign and independent States, having a certain common purpose, each retaining the right to manage its own affairs, and maintaining its own liberties inside of its own jurisdiction.

It is a fatal heresy to proclaim the doctrine that there ought to be or can be uniformity among the different States of the Union, as to their local and domestic institutions. *Uniformity is neither possible nor desirable.* Our fathers knew, when they made this government for so many different communities, that there must necessarily be a corresponding variety, requiring different laws and domestic institutions adapted to the wants and characteristics of each separate locality. They knew that variety and dissimilarity of local and domestic institutions to be an essential element in a confederated form of government. On this point you find a vast difference between the Abolition and Black Republican party, on the one hand, and the Democratic party, on the other hand. It is true that there may be some individual exceptions to this classification, but not many. The effort had previously been made, principally in the North, to array the North against the South, and the South against the North, and thus embittering them against each other, until no Southern man would vote for a Northern candidate, and no Northern man would trust a Southern candidate. I can well understand how unscrupulous politicians in the North, who prefer their own aggrandizement to the peace of their country, and prohibit the perpetuity of this Union, may advocate this doctrine, as they belong to the stronger section. But how long was it before that doctrine prevailed? Did we of the North desire sectional power so long as we were the minority and you the majority? So long as the free States were the minority section, the North adhered to the doctrine that each State should manage its own domestic affairs without interference from the other States or the Federal Government. But when, in the progress of events, the free States increased till they obtained the majority in the House of Representatives, and then a tie in the Senate, ambitious men found that by organizing sectional parties, and belonging to the strongest section, they could ride into power. Thus the Black Republican or Abolition party is sectional in its organization, in its principles, and in its whole line of policy. Every argument they use is addressed to Northern ambition, and is directed against the Southern people and Southern institutions. Of course the Abolition party of the North had a baneful influence on some Southern people, by inducing them to try to form a Southern party in opposition to the Northern Abolition party. Thus, you see, the attempt made to introduce the test, not whether a representative is faithful to his own State, and to the Federal compact, but whether he is true to the North or faithful to the South. Let me remind you that *the Constitution recognizes no such divisions.* It recognizes no North and no South, but one Republic under one Constitution, and thirty-two independent States, bound together by one Federal compact. Hence I say to you that I owe no allegiance either to the North or to the South. My allegiance is to my own State, and through that State to the Federal Government, and to no other power on earth. Let this principle be observed and acted upon in good faith, and there will always be peace between the North and the South, and between all the States of this glorious confederacy. When I addressed this argument to Northern men—and especially to large crowds of Abolitionists, as I have often done—I was answered that slavery is so great and monstrous an evil that their consciences will not permit them to be quiet in regard to it, even after they have performed their whole duty in their own State. They bring forward the Declaration of Independence, and read from it with wonderful satisfaction. I can give you their dogmas, as presented in every Abolition catechism. They take the Declaration of Independence, as I have said, and read this passage: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Then they stop and say, "Doesn't that Declaration tell us that all men are created equal? Is not a negro a man, and is he not, therefore, the equal of the white man? Was he not made equal by his Creator, and is his equality not, therefore, inalienable by Divine law? Then how can you reduce him to an inferior position by any human law?"

By this specious, but sophistical, argument they have succeeded in imposing on some weak-minded men, and some old women and children, until they have educated a generation who really believe that the negro is their brother. And I must be permitted to tell you that many, even of your Southern men, have quailed under this argument, and failed to meet it. My answer is this: When the framers of the Declaration declared that all men were equal, they had no reference whatever to the negro. They were speaking of white men—men of European birth and European descent. They had no reference to the negro or any other inferior and dependent race. And now for the proof of this point, as I have submitted it at home. You must bear in mind that when the Declaration was made, the Colonies were all slaveholding. Every man that signed the Declaration represented a slaveholding constituency. Bearing these facts in mind, tell me if you believe that those men were such hypocrites as to admit that negroes belonging to them to be their equals by divine right, and yet hold these negroes in slavery the balance of their lives. Any man who asserts that the signers of the Declaration had reference to negroes in that document, declares every signer to have been a hypocrite, and worse than a hypocrite. I believe they spoke of white men, men of European birth and descent, without any reference to negroes or any other inferior race.

I repeat that this government was made by white men, for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever, to be administered by white men, and none others. It is true that then, as well as now, we had among us other races—inferior races—incapable of self-government, and necessarily dependent on others for protection.

But it is a law of humanity, a law of civilization, that whenever a man, or a race of men, show themselves incapable of managing their own affairs, they must consent to be governed by those who are capable of performing the duty. It is on this principle that you establish those institutions of charity, for the support of the blind, or the deaf and dumb, or the insane, that those incapable of governing themselves must be governed by others. In accordance with this principle I assert that the negro race, under all circumstances, at all times and in all countries, has shown itself incapable of self-government. And it has been asserted, and I think with much force, that it has attained a higher degree of development, of moral culture and of civilization in the Southern States of this Union, in the condition of slavery, than in any other part of the world. From these considerations, I arrive at the conclusion that the negro race, being inferior, does not form any component element in the governing power of the American system of government. Yet he is a human being, and as such is entitled to all the privileges and immunities which can be extended to him consistently with the safety of the society in which he lives. I presume that all men, North and South, of whatever politics, religion or prejudices, will assent to the principle that humanity compels us to extend to the negro, and all other dependent races, all the privileges, immunities and facilities, consistent with the good of the society in which they reside. Then, you will ask me, as the Abolitionists have asked me, what are these privileges and immunities—what are their nature and extent? I will return the same answer I have so often given them. *It is a question for each State to decide for itself, independent of any other State.* Illinois has decided the question for herself. We have adopted a line of policy which has given satisfaction to us. If you do not like it, though we may regret your dislike, we must be permitted to say that it is none of your business. If you do not like our laws on the subject of negro slavery, or any other domestic concern, stay at home and live under such laws as you choose to make. We have a law in our State that a negro shall not be a citizen, nor neither shall he be a slave. But during our territorial existence, when the settlers were from slaveholding States, bringing their slave property with them, the Territorial Legislature, in defiance of the celebrated ordinance of 1787, established slavery in Illinois and maintained it for years. They then abolished it, because, from the circumstances of our climate, and soil, and productions, it was found not to be profitable or conducive to our welfare. If we had lived further South, in the districts which produce sugar, and cotton, and rice, we would have seen just as much virtue in slave labor as you do in Louisiana. And, perhaps, if some of the more excitable of our Southern friends had happened to live among the granite hills of New Hampshire, they would entertain very different views from those they now hold. This question of slavery is not a question of legislation at all, but of climate, and soil, and self-interest. You can establish slavery nowhere by any law of Congress, or a Territorial Legislature, or by any other power contrary to the will of the people where it is to exist; and, in my opinion, you should never be permitted to force it down the throats of an unwilling people.

Hence, I say, that the people of Illinois, finding that slavery did not suit them, abolished it. I will state, too, that our kind friends over in Kentucky, when their servants become old and valueless and a tax on their masters, showed their humanity by emancipating them and sending them into Illinois. This was also the case of other slave States, till Illinois was in danger of becoming a free negro colony, when she found it necessary to provide for her own protection by enacting that no more negroes should come to Illinois to reside, whether free or slaves. Since she had determined not to have slavery, she would not establish a free negro colony for your benefit. In a word, she says to the slave States, take care of your own negroes, make just such laws as you choose and be responsible to God and to your posterity.

Let us alone and we will let you alone. That is the policy of Illinois in regard to slavery and the negro question. If you say you do not like that, it cannot be helped. Illinois, however, has just as much right to adopt her policy as you in Louisiana have to adopt a different policy. We are prepared to make this bargain with you, or rather to maintain inviolate the bargain our fathers made in the Federal Constitution, to mind your business and let us mind ours. Under that principle this Union can exist forever—divided into free and slave States, each State having the right to preserve and retain slavery as long as it chooses, and abolish it whenever it pleases. That is what I mean when I say that the Democratic party is a party devoted to State Rights and State Sovereignty, in opposition to that other policy which concentrates the liberties and rights of the people in the Federal Government.

The discussion of this question in the North has so far modified public opinion as to induce a willingness to acquiesce in its application to the States, while the Black Republicans deny the propriety of applying it to the Territories.

On this point the Abolitionists assert the right of Congress, under the Constitution, to form and establish, for the people of the Territories, their domestic institutions, without their consent. The Democratic party deny that Congress can rightfully exercise any such authority.

We say that for Congress to say to any people, you shall or shall not have such or such institutions, is a violation of the great principles of our Federal Government. In the discussion of these questions, I sometimes go back to the history of the Revolution, and show that it involved the same principles when the British Government attempted to pass laws for the American Colonies without giving them a representation in Parliament.

In opposition to this claim our fathers rose up and said: We will obey the laws of Parliament which are imperial laws, and not local laws—but we will not submit to local laws affecting our domestic institutions, and passed without giving us a fair representation in Parliament. The Democratic party says that Congress has no right to establish or to prohibit slavery. We say that the Territories should be open to the citizens of the United States to go there with their property, and subject alike to the laws when they arrive there. But an objection is raised by some of our Southern friends, and I have been asked here and at home what I meant by the doctrine of popular sovereignty in the Territories, and whether we abide by the Dred Scott decision. In a discussion with my opponent, Mr. Lincoln, at Freeport, Illinois, the question was put to me whether, in the event that the people or Legislature of a Territory were hostile to slavery, there was any lawful means by which slavery could be excluded. I said yes, and proceeded to state the means. I will state them here to you. The Democracy of Illinois, in the first place, accepts the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Dred Scott, as an authoritative interpretation of the Constitution. In accordance with that decision, we hold that slaves are property, and hence on an equality with all other kinds of property, and the owner of a slave has the same right to move into a Territory and carry his slave property with him as the owner of any other property has to go there and carry his property. All citizens of the United States, no matter whether they come from the North or the South, from a free State or a slave State, can enter a Territory with their property on equal footing.

But I apprehend, *when you arrive there with your property, you are subject to the local law of the Territory.* How can your slave property be protected without local law? The Constitution gives you a right to go into a Territory and carry your slave property with you; but it does not punish any man for stealing your slave, when you get there. It does not punish a man for stealing any other property, when you get there. Congress never yet passed a law to punish crime or protect property in any organized Territory. Congress never yet passed a criminal code for any organized Territory. It has simply organized the Territory and established a Legislature, that Legislature being vested with legislative power over all rightful subjects of legislation, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. Hence, whatever jurisdiction the Legislature possesses over other property, it has over slave property—no more, no less. Let me ask you, as Southern men, can you hold slaves anywhere unless protected by local law; would not the inaction of the local Legislature, its refusal to provide a slave code, or to punish offences against that species of property, exclude slavery just as effectually as a constitutional prohibition? Would it not have that effect in Louisiana and in every other State? No one will deny it. Then let me ask you, if the people of a Territory refuse to pass a slave code, how are you going to make them do it? When you give them power to legislate on all rightful subjects of legislation, it becomes a question for them to decide, and not for me.

If the local Legislature imposes a tax on horses, or any other kind of property, you may think it a hardship, but how are you going to help it? Just so it is with regard to traffic in liquors. If you are dealing in liquors, you have the same right to take your liquor into the Territory that anybody else has to take any other species of property. You may pass through and take your liquors *in transitu*, and you will be protected in your right of property under the Constitution of the United States; but if you open the packages, they become subject to the local law; and should the Maine law happen to prevail in the Territory, you had better travel with your liquors. Hence, if the local Legislature has the same right over slave property as over every other species of property, what right have you to complain of that equality? And let me say to you that if you oppose this just doctrine, if you attempt to exempt slaves from the same rules that apply to every other kind of property, you will abandon your strongest grounds of defence against the assaults of the Black Republicans and Abolitionists. If the people of a Territory are in favor of slavery, they will make laws to protect it; if opposed to slavery, they will not make those laws, and you cannot compel them to do it. It comes simply to this—they don't want it; they won't have it, and you can't force it upon them. But I will tell you when they will have it, and when slavery will find protection in a Territory. It is when the Territory lies in those latitudes and climates which adapt it to the profitable production of rice and sugar and cotton, and where slave labor will be remunerative. In those territories the people will want slavery, and will have it in spite of abolitionism and all its power. Permit me to say that there is no line running along 36° 30′, or any other parallel of latitude, and separating free territory from slave territory, irrespective of climate, soil and productions; but there is a line, or belt of country, meandering through the valleys and over the mountain tops, which is a natural barrier between free territory and slave territory, on the south of which are to be found the productions suitable to slave labor, while to the north exists a country adapted to free labor alone. Thus, slavery will exist wherever soil, climate and productions demand it, and it will exist nowhere else. Now, if climate and soil, and self-interest will regulate this question, why should we quarrel about it? When you arrive at a certain distance to the north of the line, there cannot be any doubt of the result; and so, when you go a certain distance south, the result will be equally certain the other way. But in the great central regions, where there may be some doubts as to the effect of natural causes, who ought to decide the question except the people residing there, who have all their interests there, who have gone there to live with their wives and children? Any party which attempts, by a system of coercion, to force any institutions into regions not adapted to them violates the great principles on which our government is founded. Thus you have my views on the subject of slavery in the Territories. Practically, it amounts simply to this: If the people want slavery, they will have it; if they don't want it, they won't have it, and you can't force it upon them. If these principles be recognized and adhered to, we can live in peace and harmony together; but just as surely as you attempt to force the people to have slavery, against their will, in regions to which it is not adapted, fanaticism will take control of the Federal Government and attempt to force it out of other countries adapted to it. It was on these principles that, last winter, I resisted the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Consitution. I have said what I repeat here, that my opposition was not based upon any provision in that Constitution relating to the subject of slavery. I then said that if Kansas wanted to be a slaveholding State, she had a right to be so; and if she wanted to be a free State, she had the same right. If the Lecompton Constitution was an embodiment of the people's will, it ought to have been accepted. If it was not an embodiment of their will, it ought not to have been forced upon them. And now let me reason with you, as Southern men, on this question. If we are going to live in peace together, we must act in harmony in the application of all just and fair principles. Suppose that, last winter, we had had an Abolition President, an Abolition majority in both Houses of Congress, and that Kansas had had an Abolition Governor and authorities. Suppose that by some means—just such means as those by which the Lecompton Convention was called—a Convention had assembled composed of Abolitionists. Suppose the understanding to have been that the Constitution was to be submitted to the people; that the Convention had assembled, and it was discovered that the pro-slavery men were in a majority of five to one in the Territory. Suppose, under these circumstances, the Convention had refused to submit the Constitution to the people and had attempted to force an Abolition Convention down the throats of a pro-slavery people against their will. Would you, the people of the South, have submitted to such tyranny? Would you have suffered an Abolition Constitution to be forced down the throats of the people of any Territory in opposition to their wishes, more especially had such a Constitution contained a provision that it should not be changed for seven years, and not then except by a two-thirds vote; so that the minority, having once fastened it on the people, that same minority could perpetuate it forever in opposition to the wishes of the majority.

Now, if I do not mistake the Southern character and Southern patriotism, you would never have submitted patiently and calmly to such an attempt to violate the great principles of self-government. I am not going to enter upon a discussion as to whether this Constitution was the act of the people of Kansas. If it was not their act, then I was right in opposing it; if it was their act, then you can draw your own inferences. I will only say now that it was sent back to the people of Kansas under the provisions of the English bill, which submitted the question in an indirect manner, and rejected by a vote of eight to one. Under these circumstances who can say that it ever was the act of the people of Kansas? But I am not going to reopen that question. It is now settled. Let the asperities growing out of the controversy die with the controversy. *All I ask is that, in future, we recognize the right of the people of a Territory to form a free State, or a slave State, as they may choose, and come into the Union on an equality with the other States.*

### THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN OHIO.

From The (Washington) States.

THE fugitive slave enactment is going to be put on trial in one of the pestilent nests of "higher law" and abolition fanaticism in Ohio. The Grand Jury of the Southern District of that State seems to have determined upon it by finding true bills against some thirty-seven individuals for aiding, abetting and participating in the rescue of one "Little John," a runaway slave, the lawful property of John G. Bacon, of Mason Co., Kentucky.

The story is this: On the 13th of last September, some three months since, the slave "Little John" was arrested in Oberlin, by U. S. Deputy Marshal Lowe, of Columbus, in pursuance of a warrant issued by U. S. Commissioner Chittenden, of the Southern District of Ohio, at the instance of Anderson D. Jennings, the agent of the owner aforesaid, Mr. Bacon. Notwithstanding that Oberlin is called by the Cleveland *Plaindealer* "the headquarters and hot-bed of negro fanaticism in the North," we must confess to an ignorance of such a headquarter of such a hot-bed. Indeed, to deal plain with the *Plaindealer*, we had to look into a Gazetteer, from which we learn that the "hot-bed" is a village, some thirty-two miles southwest of Cleveland, and was laid out and settled in 1832, to be the seat of Oberlin College, now located there, and received its somewhat romantic title in honor of the Rev. John Frederic Oberlin, "a distinguished philanthropist of Switzerland." We further learn that the sale of ardent spirits has never intoxicated the village, and that the place, in its houses and style, bears a strong resemblance to a New England town.

It must be further noted that with a still closer resemblance to New England notions the literary institution was established to perform what is an impossibility in any New England town, to wit, "to *secure*"—to seek for would not be enough, but positively "to *secure* the development of a sound mind in a sound body," by the aid of manual labor and thorough information in "all branches of instruction for both sexes." How the sound mind in a sound body was to be secured may be gleaned from the statement quoted in the Gazetteer, that "colored persons of both sexes, shall be freely admitted on terms of equality and brotherhood." In fact, it was designed to rear here a colony of amalgamationists, wherein, on the principle of "equality and brotherhood," black spirits and white might freely commingle to disgrace the name of philanthropy, with the filthiest of results, and, in the noble name of education, to plant the seeds of a most immoral ignorance and a most ignoble race. It is little wonder then that this den of all colors furnished the chief instigators and heroes of the "Little John" drama. It would not be true to its New England resemblance and its boasted mission were it otherwise with Oberlin and its mottled and motley rabble.

On the same day on which he was arrested, "Little John" was rescued by a mob at Wellington. As to the college, so to the rescue, all colors were "freely admitted," and it seems under the tuition also of one Rev. Peck, a professor of "equality and brotherhood" in the Oberlin institution. The Grand Jury has been busy for several weeks examining witnesses, and the result of its labor—brought to a close on the night of the 6th instant—is the finding of true bills against thirty-seven ringleaders, including the Rev. Professor Peck, Rev. Mr. Fitch (formerly a Missionary to Jamaica), Hon. Ralph Plumb, several theological students, and *five* fugitive slaves. Why, the place was a perfect receptacle for stolen goods—a sort of Ethiopian junk shop. In all, twelve negroes of General Peck's staff are indicted, for either instigating or participating in the robbery of Mr. Bacon's property.

By this time there has been considerable fluttering in the amalgamation dove-cots of Oberlin, as the Marshal started on the 7th to surprise Robin-Hood Peck and his merry-men for their rather unlawful likings for Little-John. By this time Gov. Chase may be moving to the relief of Oberlin, besieged by the valiant Marshal.

Peck, they say, is a dangerous man and a valorous—a professor and member of the Church militant. He would peck a hole in the head, or the eyes out of it, that looked black at a nigger. He carries his rifle about, or rather carries a man about with him to carry his rifle. He may be a moving mass of weapons—a walking arsenal, and another arm on his person might be too much for him. He therefore "sends his rifle along," so that he may be ready at any time to take the lead and *go off* before it. While the Peck, of Oberlin, is indicted as the chief instigator, we are left in doubt as to whether he took the field at Wellington, or anything off it, save it be himself.

We shall watch the proceedings with interest; and as the *Plaindealer* has a man on the ground, we shall soon have a report of the proceedings, if not of Peck's rifle.

### THE HIGHER LAW.

From The New Orleans Picayune.

JUDGE WILLIAM JAY, of Westchester County, N. Y., lately deceased, bequeathed to his son—by his will, which has just been made public—the sum of one thousand dollars, "in trust, to be applied by him, at his discretion, in promoting the safety and comfort of fugitive slaves."

The law of the land commands that fugitive slaves should be returned to their owners. Judge Jay, in his last solemn act, established a fund to encourage violations of the law, to assist in opposing and defeating it. In a legal sense such a bequest is void. No court would sustain it against legal heirs, who should claim that a bequest for an unlawful and immoral purpose cannot stand. It is not at all likely that there will be any appeal to the law in the case. Doubtless Judge Jay's heirs are in harmony of opinion with himself, and will carry out his declared intention in this respect, and employ this money in flagrant and ostentatious contempt of the laws of the country. Considering who Judge Jay was, and what manner of man he was, this is one of the most noticeable examples yet given of that Northern fanaticism which clothes itself with the designation of the "higher law," putting individual opinions and judgment above laws and constitutions.

Judge Jay was the son of John Jay, the first Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He inherited fortune, so as to be above the cares of the profession he chose, and led a life of elegant leisure, abstracted from politics, devoted to intellectual pursuits, and much identified, by his contributions and his labors, with religious and benevolent societies. He was a man of abstractions and books. The theories which he brooded over got such a mastery of his mind that he fancied himself charged to insist upon their application to public affairs, without the slightest regard for the convictions or assumed rights of others. He heated himself into the fanatical belief that he had a mission to interpret the law of morals, and to set his interpretation up above all human laws of rights, and as binding on conscience. Finding a clause of the constitution and a law of Congress which offended his interpretation of what they ought to be, he contemned and denounced them, which, being matter of opinion, he had a good right to do, so long as he obeyed them. But he went further and defied them, and, dying, left on record a declaration of his determination to break them, and made provision for means by which they might be systematically disobeyed and set at naught.

For this he is lauded by a class of men who are neither so honest nor so deluded as he was—who know more of the actual business of life than he did, and see the mischievous uses to which these dogmas may be put; but who see, too, the profit to interested plans of their own, to be derived by encouraging the hallucinations which unsettled the rectitude of thought and conduct of such a man as William Jay, which made him a visionary enthusiast, a disturber of the peace and rights of others, and a deliberate and ostentatious law-breaker. His kindred may use the money for the unlawful purpose as defined by him, but it will be a reproach to the memory of an otherwise good man that it must be so used, in flagrant contempt of settled law, and acknowledged rights under the law; and that, if an upright Judiciary could reach and act upon it, the clause would be set aside and annulled, as wrong in itself, and of pernicious example.

## Selections.

### CRITTENDEN SICK.

SENATOR CRITTENDEN, in a recent speech to his political friends in this city, announced that "he was sick of the negro question." Senator Crittenden is a man for whom just now the American people would be willing to do a good turn. He is a respectable gentleman of more than average abilities, with an excellent social position, and now adding to the distinction gained by conspicuous official positions the dignity of age. Consequently, when such a man gives out that he is sick, the good-natured public are ready to put their heads together to find out what will send him the speediest relief.

The negro question, we are willing to confess, is a formidable question—a puzzling question; a question it were very well to get rid of, if that could be done. That men sicken of it we do not wonder. Humanity sickens of it. The tender compassion of Heaven sickens at its long history of tragic horrors. We do wonder that the complaints of sickness proceed from the quarter they do. If Mr. Crittenden's negroes (we suppose he has them, or, if he has not, his neighbors') say nothing, we think *he* should not. Have not these gentlemen had the easiest part of it? Their crops planted, harvested and marketed for them without a doit of wages to pay; themselves assiduously waited upon, so that no menial toil has soiled their patrician escutcheons; every want anticipated by assiduous service; every caprice heeded, under peril of the overseer's whip. And yet Mr. Crittenden is sick of the negro question. Not so sick but that he can travel, make speeches and do justice to the excellent fare of first-class hotels; but sick enough to call for the public commiseration.

Senator Crittenden seems to imagine that the whole discussion of this unpleasant subject is a chronic habit which certain people have fallen into, but which they might just as well forego as not. He looks at all the oratory, poetry, literature, sympathy, indignation, which the investigation of the condition of the enslaved has called forth as so much smoke, which a few fanatics who had a foregone purpose to insult him have been puffing in his face. He has ridden along in the same coach, and has borne the annoyance with gentlemanly forbearance as long as the highest-toned chivalry required, and is at last forced to appeal to common civility in terms like these: *Messieurs, with your disgusting philanthropy you have at last made me sick; and unless you can oblige me by putting out the pipes of your agitation, I shall be compelled to take a seat upon the driver's box.*

Who could resist such an appeal? We cannot; no good-natured persons can. As much as we loved agitation, we would not agitate to annoy Senator Crittenden. However confirmed in us was the habit of philanthropy, we would not be philanthropic for the purpose of making a man sick, whose stomach turned at philanthropy. O, no; we must disabuse the mind of our distinguished guest, and convince him that courtesy is not the peculiar growth of Kentucky, and that a man can be a gentleman, who never flogged or sold a negro.

If the distinguished Senator had ever analyzed this negro question, our disclaimer would not be necessary. Your enthusiastic chemist in the pursuit of an analysis is not turned back midway by the nauseous gases which are generated in the process. He pushes to results in spite of his olfactory martyrdom. The negro question, however, always sickens Governor Crittenden, and he has abstained from it wholly from hygienic considerations. Let us tell him, then, that *we* do not agitate, we have not agitated. *It agitates itself.* The conversion of men to chattels is by a force that works constantly against that natural and divine law that makes them men. Men develop normally as men; it takes force to make them slaves. The disposition to remain men begets indolence, insolence, resistance, sagacity. Behold your inevitable anti-slavery, and the nuisance of your negro question in its simple form! But to make and keep a race of men slaves, private force is a feeble instrument. Hence public force, as expressed in laws, State and national, must be appealed to; the opinion must be suborned that it is right to make men slaves: fugitives from slavery must be sent back or paid for; territories must be acquired to extend slavery; the foreign slave trade reopened to feed it; policies and measures adopted to favor it, perpetuate it, and make it profitable and powerful. This transfer of the restraint of slaveholding upon third parties, neither slaveholders nor slaves, provokes resistance, as the natural sentiments of mankind lead them to pity and befriend, and not to betray the weak. Behold, again, your eternal negro question in its complex and political form!

To get rid of this question it becomes necessary to reorganize society, and reconstruct the human heart. We believe in the old judicial language, the legal torture of criminals upon the rack to induce confession was called the question. Whoever dreamed that the first person to complain of that question would be one of the inquisitors, weary with turning the screws!

Let our honorable Senator look at what is transpiring at the present writing: The other day a brace of speeches, by Senators Seward and Hammond, everybody reading them, all on this same subject. But yesterday Jefferson Davis and Mr. Orr gave their views of the negro question. All last summer a political joust in Illinois, the nation looking on, pertaining to the inevitable negro mainly. The last Congress debated the fortunes and fate of the African and his adjuncts. The next will do the same.

Who can help it? History is providential. A power mightier than we throws these questions upon us, and we cannot evade them. No man raised this storm; no men and no grand conventions can settle it. Those statesmen who have believed that the whole subject arose in the uneasy minds of a few enthusiasts have believed that it could be settled by some expedient or compromise, and have more than once proclaimed it settled. The ever-growing greatness of the question has mocked their sagacity. Parties have not the choice of issues. They are forced upon them by the exigencies of the times, and the providence of history. It is nearer the truth to say that issues make parties than that parties make issues. A party must have relations to the public feeling and embody *that*, or else it has no vitality.

After our Revolution the people were found to constitute two classes. Wealth, birth, and patrician manners, in Virginia principally, but more or less all over the country, had created an aristocracy. The ideas of the Revolution and the pecuniary disasters that accompanied it did not displace that aristocracy. The mass of the citizens envied it, were jealous of it, and sought to level it to their own grade. The mutual jealousies in these classes gave birth to the first political parties in this country. The wealthy, educated men of family and their dependants became Federalists, the rest of the citizens Democrats. In the struggle between these parties measures and policies fluctuated, but the feeling that divided them gave tone to each. The Democrats succeeded; the result was the abrogation of those social distinctions which prevailed in the colonial periods. After the Democratic influence had effected the equalization of ranks, the Democratic party had no further function to perform. It had no antagonist, no body of men to resist its demands or dispute its ideas. Still, the recollection of the old feud kept alive the old names and the old terms long after they had ceased to have any reference to the actual condition of society.

What Mr. Crittenden designates as the negro question bases itself upon two great elements of national feeling, the one favoring universal freedom, the other the enslavement of the blacks as an inferior race, made to subserve the interests of their superiors. This divided feeling furnishes a legitimate basis for political divisions. For parties cannot be built upon specific measures, but upon sentiments underlying measures, and out of which they spring. The Democratic party has its only vitality on the remembrance of that old uprising of the common people against the pretensions of a local aristocracy, and although that aristocracy disappeared a generation ago, and the whole controversy has closed, yet it will be an over-match for any political organization that trusts itself upon any specific measure, and does not reach down and lay hold of some permanent sentiment or passion in the popular heart.

Now, no man can contemplate the deep hold this slavery question has taken of the feelings of the American people, its universal discussion, the intense social and personal animosity it has caused, without perceiving that it forms an inevitable ground of political division. Into these two great grooves worn by the rush and struggle of two great interests, two great opinions, two great philosophies, we may say indeed two great civilizations, the political cant inevitably falls in spite of all efforts to pry it out. Take, for instance, Mr. Jefferson Davis, a learned and courteous gentlemen, just made a Doctor of Laws by a College of Maine. We apprehend that were either of the learned faculty that assisted in conferring that distinction to have a half day's frank conversation with him wherein he should disclose his theory of anthropology, society, government and religion, as fully as at a Southern barbecue, they would find far fewer common articles of belief than in the views of an enlightened Turk, or a devout Brahmin, equally communicative; and this is but a specimen of the divided and hostile sentiments of the country. The question is not whether such a debate shall or not enter into politics. That is inevitable if politics is to have any relation to men's interests, their sentiments, or their feelings.

No amount of caution or deprecation could have avoided this predicament. The negro question is as providential as was the taxation question, and men and parties find themselves obliged to accept it, and cannot recur to subjects more genial and soothing and savory. The ship of state sails in this direction. The winds and waves of agitation become gradually more boisterous. We cannot help it, if Mr. Crittenden becomes suddenly sick. Indeed, there are sick ones enough to call out our liveliest compassion: Mr. Everett has had a terrible time walking the deck, a natural picture of political sea-sickness. Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Choate, Reverdy Johnson, and a host of distinguished men, are down in the ice scuppers casting up their accounts. It is the sea that is agitating these gentlemen's stomachs and not the passengers, and there is nothing for them to do but to betake themselves to their berths and keep quiet till the end of the voyage.—*Tribune.*

### THE OBERLIN RESCUE CASE.

Compiled from Cleveland Papers.

HOW THE FUGITIVE WAS BETRAYED.

SATURDAY (Sept. 11, 1858) two slave-hunters stayed over night at the house of Lewis D. Boynton. Monday forenoon a son of Boynton, only twelve years of age, took the horse and buggy of his father and proceeded to the village of Oberlin. He found the colored man John, told him his father wished to hire him to dig potatoes, and induced the unsuspecting victim to get into the buggy with him to proceed to his labors. When about one mile and a half from the village, a carriage came in behind the buggy at a cross-road, and, soon driving up by the side, the Boynton lad stopped his horse, and the first John knew of the toils set for him he was seized from behind by the arms, dragged from the buggy, pinioned and placed in the carriage between his brave and chivalrous Kentucky captors. The carriage was driven rapidly south some two miles, to a road leading to Wellington, and, fortunately for kidnapped John, after entering upon this road, an Oberlin student was met who knew him, understood at a glance the outrage that had been committed on the rights of a fellow-being, and gave the alarm along the road and at Oberlin. [Boynton, the scoundrel who sent his son on this infamous errand, was one of the Grand Jurors by whom the rescuers were indicted!—*Ed. Standard.*] The Boynton boy returned to the home of the Juror with the gold obtained for the inhuman betrayal of a free man into the life of slavery from which he had escaped. Do the records of any Court in the civilized world present another such a damning record?

DEMOCRATIC RESCUERS NOT INDICTED.

The circumstances attending the rescue of kidnapped John at Wellington have been published. Democrats were present and active in a cause which roused the noblest feelings of man, and made all eager to redress an outrage which all decent slaveholders reprehend. Not one of these has been indicted, not even the Oberlin member of the party who boasted that he was among the foremost to mount the ladder when a pistol was presented and death was threatened to any one who should attempt to enter the garret in which Kentucky pirates guarded their human prey. Why is this? Why this discrimination? No man who has read the charge of Judge Wilson, heard of the conduct of Marshal Johnson, and knows the circumstances under which Lewis D. Boynton was selected and served upon the Grand Jury, will be at a loss for an answer.

THE RESCUERS IN COURT.

On being arraigned, Judge Spaulding, counsel for the indicted, demanded immediate trial. They had been taken from their homes and firesides and now asked a speedy hearing and were ready for trial. This announcement staggered the Federal Attorney, Judge Belden, who did not dream but that these men, *like other criminals*, would ask postponement. He was then put on the defence and asked for delay. What other proof need the public have that this prosecution is merely for effect at Federal headquarters than the fact that the District Attorney, who has the whole matter under his control, who knows all the secrets of the Grand Jury room, who can lay his finger upon every witness for the prosecution, who can hold such witnesses by the whole Federal force, asks a postponement of the trial? The prosecution said witnesses were in Kentucky and it would take two weeks to get them. Judge Spaulding asked if it is "reasonable that citizens of Ohio should be thrown into jail to await the movements of Kentucky slave-catchers." Mr. Belden, as adviser of the Grand Jury, has been instrumental in finding this indictment, and the thing is unusual in criminal jurisprudence that prisoners should in vain ask for an immediate trial. No one doubts that the Federal Attorney could have called every witness, upon whose testimony these proceedings were instituted, to the witness box, but no, the trial must be put off, and in doing so the Federal Attorney has either stated a falsehood or there is not sufficient to convict; and if not sufficient to convict, what an outrage it was upon justice that he should have permitted the Grand Jury to find a bill.

The Court, however, granted a continuance, and stated that the defendants would be held to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars each. "We give no bail, may it please the Court, and the prisoners are here subject to the order of the Court." If Judge Spaulding had sent a respectable-sized torpedo to the Bench, it would not have produced greater fluttering. The Court and District-Attorney were non-plussed and looked with wonder upon these men of Oberlin, who dared to beard those appointed to execute the Fugitive Slave law, even in their Court-room. Consultation was had, the jail doors were yawning for the victims, and shackles were at hand, if safety demanded them, but the Court directed that the defendants should each enter into his own recognizance for appearance at the March term. Let it be noted that among these defendants were negroes, who, by the Dred Scott decision, are not citizens of the United States, cannot bring suit in the Federal Court, but who yet were

summer near New York on the suspicion of being fitted out for the slave trade; but there was not sufficient evidence to convict her, and she was released. Capt. Corrie, of South Carolina, was then in command, as he is now, and stated that he had bought her for a pleasure yacht, which was borne out by her elegant appointments and small tonnage.

After being released at New York, she cleared for Trinidad, and thence to St. Helena, from whence she now hails, and accounts for being without regular papers now by stating that this government had no Consul there, and she could not obtain any. Capt. Corrie has papers purporting to be from the native officials at St. Helena, but they lack the necessary seals.

A gentleman in this city, who knows the builder of the Wanderer, informs us that *the latter was confident she would never be engaged in carrying slaves herself*, but would accompany a slaver, and when a cruiser appeared, make all sail, and her rakish appearance would direct the attention of the cruiser towards her, when she would lead the cruiser away, and, after getting the latter far enough off the track, would allow herself to be overhauled, and, upon being found without slaves, would then part from the cruiser and seek the slaver.

It is with great regret that we are compelled to believe that this act has been perpetrated on Georgia soil. It has been our pride to know that while the fanatics at the North were violent in their denunciations of our "peculiar institutions," and our sister States of the South were trying to lead us into favoring the extreme issues of the day, that Georgia stood firm in her conservative principles; but we cannot now call upon other States to do as we do, for we have broken the laws of our own land and the laws of nations. We do not utter these sentiments in the expectation that anybody's mind will be changed by them, because no one has ever entered the slave trade to establish a principle, but purely for the money that can be made at it. The deed has been committed, and, while but few are interested, the community will be visited by the odium that such a transaction will be sure to create.

### *THE WANDERER'S AFRICANS.*

The Augusta *Sentinel* learns from good authority that about 270 of the wild Africans, a portion of the cargo of the Wanderer, are now on a plantation in South Carolina, on the Savannah river, having been brought there two days ago on board a steamboat from some point near Savannah, and will soon be offered for sale. Sales have already been made of some of the cargo.

The Augusta *Despatch* has the following:

Two hundred and seventy-seven of the cargo of Africans recently landed near Brunswick were brought up the Savannah river and put ashore yesterday evening about three o'clock, at the mouth of Horse Creek, three miles below this city, on the Carolina side. One of the river boats is supposed to have taken them from the boat which brought them by Savannah in the night, to a point twelve miles above that city.

We learn on good authority that the original cargo consisted of 420, and that not one of them died or was seriously ill on the passage. It is supposed that the Wanderer acted only as a decoy boat, and that the vessel that brought them is at large. Citizens of our city are probably interested in the enterprise, and those brought up the river are supposed to be their share of "the spoils," and have been distributed on their plantations. It is quietly hinted that this is the third cargo landed by the same company during the last six months.

We learn that one of our citizens has bought a slave from the lot recently landed just below this city, for which he paid $250. He is a stout boy, about fourteen years old, and considerable curiosity has been manifested this morning to see the "distinguished visiter."

The question has often been asked, what practical good can result from the agitation of the revival of the slave trade? We point to this cargo of sturdy laborers, delivered from the darkness and barbarism of Africa, to be elevated and Christianized on our soil.

We point to the price paid for this jolly son of the jungles and compare it with the exorbitant prices paid for the fancy and less valuable negroes here. And we claim that these results are the beginning of the blessings to flow in upon the South from the fearless advocacy of the revival of the slave trade by one or two Independent presses in this State and South Carolina. This trade may be called piracy by a false construction of a foolish law; but the day will come when the South will make it the right arm of her legitimate commerce. And then there may be some chance for even us poor editors to own a sooty skin or two. Who knows?

The Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* says:

One of the negroes from the Wanderer was brought to this city on Monday, by a gentleman who obtained him from the lot carried up the Savannah river. He is represented to be an likely and very tractable young fellow.

The Augusta *Caronicle* of the 16th inst. says, we learn from reliable authority that about 270 of the wild Africans, a portion of the cargo of the Wanderer, are now on a plantation in South Carolina, two or three miles below this city, on the Savannah river, having been brought there two days ago on board a steamboat from some point near Savannah, and we suppose will soon be offered for sale. Indeed, we are informed that sales have already been made of some of the cargo.

The success of this enterprise by the owners of the Wanderer establishes the fact very conclusively that if the Southern people desire and intend to suppress this traffic, they must rely upon themselves, as a reliance upon the government will be of little avail. The coast of the slave-holding States is so extensive that the entire navy of the United States, if concentrated upon it, cannot maintain the law inviolate. Hence the great necessity for the prompt and efficient action of the people themselves, to protect their rights and interests. They should not hesitate to resort to any and all legitimate means to arrest at once and forever a traffic so disastrous, if permitted, to the public weal of the South.

### *THE QUID PRO QUO.*

From The Evening Post.

The Mississippi and Louisiana journals are discussing the opinions set forth by Senator Douglas in his recent speech at New Orleans. Several of those prints, during the Illinois canvass, denounced him in no measured language for suggesting that properly-framed territorial laws might, in the interest of Free State men, neutralize the effect of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and the Dred Scott decision pushed by Slave-State men. They are, to use Mr. Choate's fine phrase, "alleviating the asperities" of their speech. It is not difficult to see why: His doctrine of manifest destiny ("it is our duty to have Cuba, and you cannot prevent it if you try") is the *quid pro quo*. The bait seems to have been greedily swallowed, in some instances, at least. Barksdale's *Mississippian* is vigorously recalcitrant. It asserts that the persons who have made the applause for Douglas in his Southern journey are "bankrupt politicians, disappointed office-seekers, adventurers of every kind, sensation editors, wharf rats and lazaroni generally." If we may believe its statements, the South is in a very bad condition. Here is its threnody.

"Sorrow, shame, tears for the betrayed and humbugged South! The pity of her friends and the dupe of her foes, she at times is made to exhibit herself before the world in an attitude so unenviable that it is sickening to look upon, and goes staggering along like a man bereft of reason and the noble attributes with which his Creator has endowed him, to the cruel destiny which her remorseless and insatiate enemies have declared shall be hers. Christ never poured more bitter tears over the wayward city of his love than the patriot weeps over the blinded, deceived and unfortunate South. Look upon her! There she stands besieged by our ever-active enemies without—betrayed by traitors within—torn by the dissensions of her sons—the prey of every evil and unclean passion that gets the mastery over men's minds."

The Louisiana *Courier*, however, takes Senator Douglas to its arms, and in a single paragraph sets forth, with less shrewdness than clearness, both the *quid* and the *quo*:

"From this triumphant vindication of the imperishable doctrine of State Rights, and from this explicit enunciation of the true American progressive policy, we might turn and give a dissertation on those views entertained by Senator Douglas, as to the effects which he supposes might follow the refusal or neglect of the people of a Territory, or of their legislators, to pass local laws in such Territory, for the protection of property in slaves. But that matter is so utterly devoid of practical importance, so insignificant, so barren of all result, so entirely immaterial in comparison with the great features and purposes of Democracy, that we cannot waste our time and that of our readers with fine-spun casuistry upon it."

### *A NEW VERSION OF SENATOR SEWARD'S ROCHESTER SPEECH.*

Senator Seward's speech, delivered in Rochester just before the election, about which so much senseless clamor has been raised by the Administration organs at the North, has at last got down South, suffering much on its way thither from transpositions, mutilations and perversions. It reaches Barksdale's *Mississippian* in the following state:

"Having supposed these facts [the incompatibility, in the long run, of free and slave labor], he [Senator Seward] then proceeded to prescribe a line of action for the North, as follows:

"*Let us anticipate the blow by traveling the States of South Carolina and Georgia, and emancipating the laborer who is toiling on the plantations there.* In two principles cannot live. Either slavery must triumph and become universal, or *emancipation must be carried into every State.* If the South lives, the North must die. *Then down with the South. 'Delenda est Carthago.'* And if the compact of the Confederation stands in the way, *tear it to pieces. There is no faith to be kept with slaveholders.* In politics, that only is obligatory which is expedient."

The above is quoted by the *Mississippian* as Mr. Seward's own words.

The Frankfort (Ky.) *Commonwealth*, though published in a slave State, dares to doubt the accuracy of the misrepresentations to which the speech has been studiously subjected, and says:

"But where is the violation of the constitutional rights of the slaveholder which is said to be shadowed forth in this speech? We have not discovered it. All of his previous efforts have repudiated the idea. The speech is simply a speculation of a fervid brain rather given to indulging in such illusory phantasies in connection with this subject. But it contains no lurking design to subvert Southern institutions by other means than the force of what the speaker chooses to consider philosophy and reason, acting upon the minds of Southern men.
—*Evening Post.*

"Malicious."—We learn by the *Advertiser* that Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, has actually been elected Captain of a military company in that town. Truly hath it been said "this world is divided into three general classes, viz., Saints, Sinners, and the Beecher Family." Go it, Captain Beecher.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"


### *TO DONORS.*

Those who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

### *A WOLF IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.*

We have received from a friend in Cincinnati a report, occupying three closely printed columns of the *Cincinnati Daily Commercial*, of a Thanksgiving sermon lately preached by Rev. C. B. Boynton of that city. Since our friend says—"Mr. B.'s discourse embodies the sentiments of Anti-Slavery men here who are Evangelical in their views of religion, and I can most cordially recommend and endorse it in its main doctrines"—and since many ministers, churches, congregations and individuals claim the Anti-Slavery character in consequence of preaching, approving, and reducing to practice just such sermons as this, we may profitably devote a little space to the examination of it.

The general subject of Mr. Boynton's sermon is "The Signs of the Times"; its fundamental idea is that the Church should "prayerfully observe the signs of the times, and adapt her teaching and effort to meet the public thought"; and it specifies, as among the most noteworthy of these signs, the four following, namely:

"1. The political agitation of Slavery, meaning by this a direct movement for the legal repressing or abolition of slavery, has run its course.

"2. The general reform movement *outside of the Church*, acting through various organizations, has passed its culminating point, and is fast losing its hold upon the public thought.

"3. The discussion and agitation of the subject of slavery *within the Church and in connection with our various benevolent societies* [elsewhere distinguished as those Missionary and other societies 'which are the outgrowth of the Church'] is also in its present form virtually over.

"4. The great revival—that wondrous outpouring of the Holy Spirit by which the year has been distinguished, and in which our own Church has been permitted largely to share—has doubtless been a chief cause in turning public attention more rapidly and decidedly in a new direction, and has drawn unto itself the whole religious feeling of the land, and absorbed the whole of the sympathies of the Church."

Under the first of these propositions, Mr. Boynton declares that though the South has controlled as she pleased the legislation of the country, has smitten, when and how she would, the commerce, manufactures and general business of the North, has enacted an infamous fugitive slave law, degrading us to hunters of men, has removed the great Missouri barrier which was designed to hem slavery in, has given us bloody despotism in Kansas and Dred Scott decisions in the Supreme Court, and meditates still further aggressions—after all, the Free States are immensely superior in wealth, in population, in every essential element of greatness; they have a decided and ever-increasing majority in the House and Senate; and *whenever they choose to use this power*, the South must of necessity submit.

Under this head Mr. Boynton proceeds to say that on the platform of the *Abolition* of Slavery it is impossible to rally a party large enough to be called a minority; that the public mind is not moving in that direction; that the political or Republican movement in regard to slavery has been simply a struggle for political power, very sparingly leavened either with religion or philanthropy; that there is very little genuine anti-slavery feeling in the North which is willing to show itself in any political action; that the signs of the times now "indicate that free labor and slave labor *may be placed side by side, to work out their several results*"; and that the question of the abolition of slavery has thus been *handed back* from the sphere of politics to that of morals and religion.

Mr. Boynton says under his second head that the movement against moral and social evils made by such organizations as have been formed, and have acted, independently of the Church, has passed the period of its strength and power, and is not likely to regain any important influence over the public mind; that the Anti-Slavery Movement is a failure and is virtually dead; that all such movements are merely *surface* reforms; that little can be gained by reforming this evil practice or that, unless the heart itself be changed; and that, the attempts at "surface reform" being virtually a failure and dead, "the cause of reform is *handed back* from the sphere of society to that of the Church and the Gospel."

Under the third head, to which we beg the special attention of our readers, Mr. Boynton says that the agitation of reform questions *in the Church* as well as out of it has reached and passed its crisis; that these are not subjects which will now gather assemblies, or to which the Christian public will lend a willing ear. And in this department he enlarges particularly upon "the Anti-Slavery discussion."

He declares that the hinge point in this discussion in the Church has been—"*Is slaveholding a sin, and ought Christians to separate themselves from it?*" He affirms that this agitation has involved these three points; the connection and fellowship of the Churches with slaveholding—the similar position of the Missionary and other societies which are the outgrowth of the Church—and the freedom and independence of the pulpit. And his proposition is that in all these fields the agitation is subsiding and the discussion in the main is over; that the demand that the Churches should declare slaveholding a sin, and that both they and the Missionary and Tract Societies should free themselves from connection with the system, *has done its work*; that the principles have been set forth, and the debate is over, and that what is henceforth to be done will be through the silent working of truths already established.

Mr. Boynton's summary of practical results, his detail of this work which *has been done*, is so remarkable that we shall give it in his own words.

"And now let us look a moment at results.

"First: The American Home Missionary Society *yielded to the pressure* of argument against slavery.

"Second: The American Board, at Hartford, placed itself—with some important resolutions—upon *virtually right ground.* Then, at Detroit, it *so far relieved itself from reproach as to render agitation unnecessary.*

"The agitation culminated with the action of the New School Church of Cleveland. The division and separation, with the action of Societies, carries with it by consequence, I think, *ultimately* the whole religious sentiment of the North. *To this ground* Churches and Societies will quietly come, and then, having uttered their testimony and separated from the sin, they will apparently pause, *intending for the present no aggressive movement.* This will be essentially the case with every other reform. *For the present direct warfare is over.* The Church will pause to consider and survey the field, while other topics for the present will occupy her chief attention."

The fourth and last of Mr. Boynton's general heads of division is the influence of "the great revival" in diverting the attention of those affected by it from all other special subjects of agitation and reform, including slavery and anti-slavery, and absorbing into itself "the whole of the sympathies of the Church."

We may remark in passing that it is not a little strange that—after attributing this revival to "the *directly* exerted power of God," and saying that "common instrumentalities have scarcely been employed" in it, and that "human agency has had little more connection with this rising of the heavenly day-star than with the coming of the natural morning"—Mr. Boynton should say, almost immediately after,

"Doubtless there is much in the present religious movement which is altogether superficial, which is a mere religious sentiment, and not a living power which takes hold of the elements of character and moulds them into forms. If we were disposed to criticise, we might say that the movement is characterized more by emotion and less by power than we could desire. It lacks that depth and power which prostrated the sinner's soul before God and makes him feel, to his spirit and to the centre of his guilt, his ruin and his helplessness. Its distinguishing feature, so far as it has come under my observation, is an effort to awaken, by the pleasing influences of social meetings, the sensibilities of the sinner, and softly persuade him to come to Christ, instead of slaying him with the sword of the spirit and truth, that he may be made alive. I know that many consider this the chief excellence of their work. It does not so appear to me, and, unless I mistake, a certain want of definiteness and character in the results justifies the conclusion."

This, however, is aside from our main purpose, and we notice it only as one of many specimens of inconsistency and self-contradiction in the sermon. We proceed to give Mr. Boynton's application of the doctrine of his fourth head in his own words, namely:

"But what is the bearing of this upon the subject of reforms. Precisely this, as it seems to me—that the whole work of Christian reform has been *handed over* to the Church, and the whole responsibility is laid now upon her. And it seems to me that this is one of the great designs of God, in this almost universal awakening, and this turning away from all this special society work, that has engaged the public mind so long. *The Church has been crying out against these various efforts and striving to thrust them away from her*, and now, in a manner they little expected, all parties have given up, or will do so, their own separate work of reform, and laid their several burthens over upon the Church herself.

"Let Churches consider this *new responsibility*, not to ignore oppression or other public sins, but, at a proper time and place, deal with them, as they must answer to God. *We are not called upon to agitate or to denounce it*, but now slavery is within the sphere of the Church as a religious question, for it is passing out of the sphere of politics.

"The same thing is true of all these separate Society movements for reform. One and all, they have failed, or will do so, and they, too, will hand over their unfinished task into the keeping of the Church. Thus, then, if I mistake not, the signs of the times and the result of these various changes is to place the Church once more before the world precisely where she should be, *as the one great recovering agent, the one great reform society instituted by God himself, and beyond which, and outside of which, no other organization for special work is needed.* She is herself the true anti-slavery and temperance society; she is the embodiment of all true reform, and she works not only on the surface, but looks at and deals with the heart.

"If, then, this is the true position of the Church, into which she has been *newly placed* by the providence of God, it shows clearly the true nature of her fellowship and communion.

"*She will declare slaveholding a sin, but she will not reject a man merely because of the bare relation*, but only as she finds the man a sinner under that relation. She will reject a man who defends slaveholding from the word of God, because she regards him as one who has subverted the truth, the teacher of a heresy."

Having presented to our readers thus much of Mr. Boynton's sermon by abstract and quotation, we request their particular notice of the following characteristics of it.

1. The absolute and utter incorrectness of some of its assumptions and statements.

One of these is that the political agitation of slavery, and movements for reform generally, outside the Church, have run their course, passed their culminating point, and are fast losing their hold upon the public thought. The President's Message, the course of the aspirants for the Presidency at the next election, the recent glorious decision of the State of Vermont that henceforth no man, woman or child can be even claimed as a slave in that State, and the petitions now circulating in this State, in Massachusetts, and in various other New England States in preparation for the same enactment, are a sufficient refutation of this statement.

But Mr. Boynton also says that by the political agitation of slavery (which he elsewhere correctly identifies with the Republican movement) he means "a direct movement for the legal repressing *or abolition* of slavery." Every one knows that neither the Republicans nor any other political party have had either virtue or courage enough to come up to this ground; and that their temporary rallying cry of *Free Soil*, and designation of themselves as Free-Soilers, were always a misnomer and a self-contradiction, inasmuch as their party platform, holding allegiance to the Federal Constitution, made the soil of their respective States as free to slave-hunters as to free-born citizens.

2. The absolute and utter inconsistency of some portions of it with other portions.

We have already quoted the self-contradictory statements of Mr. Boynton respecting the origin of the revival.

Of the numerous other cases of this sort, we will merely specify that, while representing on one hand that a political party for the abolition of slavery has existed, "has run its course," has "handed back" the abolition question from the sphere of politics to that of morals and religion, he represents, more truly, on the other hand, that the *genuine* anti-slavery feeling of the North avoids political action, and that on the platform of *Abolition* it is impossible to rally a *party* large enough to be called a minority. The latter statement is an imperfect expression of the fact that *Abolitionists* have always been few in number, and have preferred not to connect their opposition to slavery with any struggle for place or power for themselves.

3. Its incidental exposures of the low standard of judgment, desire, duty, feeling and action, past and present, in the Church and in its ministers.

Mr. Boynton counsels the Church to "adapt her teaching and effort *to meet the public thought*" instead of reforming and Christianizing that thought; he admits that the Home Missionary Society (in the feeble commencement of movement which they have made *towards* opposition to slavery) have "*yielded to the pressure* of argument" from without; he admits that the action of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was merely such as to allay agitation and relieve itself from reproach; he admits that, while men out of the Church have been laboring to reduce or to abolish certain great social evils, "the Church has been crying out AGAINST THESE VARIOUS EFFORTS, and striving to thrust them away from her"! and, finally, he admits that the agitation of the subject of slavery within the Church and its great propagandist Societies is, in its present form, virtually over, and that "the great revival" has been a chief means of accomplishing this end!

4. Its claim (in the very act of conceding that the Church is now, and will henceforth be, responsible for the shame and guilt of slavery) that this responsibility is *a new thing*, and that it rests on the Church only through the withdrawal of other agencies.

Thus, Mr. Boynton says, "The whole work of Christian reform has been *handed over* to the Church, and the whole responsibility is laid *now* upon *her*." And again—"Let Churches consider this *new* responsibility." And again—"*Now* slavery is within the sphere of the Church as a religious question, *for it is passing out of the sphere of politics.*" And again—"This is the true position of the Church, into which she has been *newly placed* by the providence of God."

5. Its expressed approval of the positions of the Foreign Missionary Board at Hartford and Detroit, and of the General Assembly of New School Presbyterians at Cleveland, all of which were a deliberate acquiescence in the continuance of slaveholders in their respective Churches.

Mr. Boynton says that the American Board at Hartford placed itself "upon virtually right ground." The actual ground occupied by that body then, and before, and ever since, has been a full acquiescence of the Board in the decision of their missionaries among the Western Indian nations, that they will not make slaveholding, nor yet the separation of slave parents and children by sale or purchase, either a bar to admission to the Church, or an occasion for either expulsion from it or discipline in it.

As to the action of the New School Presbyterians at Cleveland, Mr. Boynton speaks of it as a *culmination* of anti-slavery agitation, entirely satisfactory in itself, and destined to carry with it the whole religious sentiment of the North. He says that "*To this ground* Churches and Societies will quietly come," and he represents this as an entirely satisfactory position. Let us see what this position is.

The General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church have always been in the habit of uttering reflections, suggestions, propositions and recommendations more or less unfavorable, and sometimes *very* unfavorable, to slavery; at the same time they have always *allowed* their members to hold slaves, and have from time to time volunteered suggestions of particular circumstances in which they represented slaveholding as *justifiable.*

The General Assembly at Cleveland in 1857 adopted a Report (170 to 25) rehearsing many of these protestations and their accompanying concessions, and making emphatic additional protest against the doctrine of some of their Southern Churches "that slavery is an ordinance of God, and that the system of slavery existing in these United States is Scriptural and right." At the same time they make it clear that they do not condemn all slaveholders, nor demand that all shall emancipate their slaves, nor that *any* shall emancipate them *immediately.* On the contrary, they suggest excuses whereby the slaveholder may claim good intention and justification in continuing such. Upon this, the fanatical Southern minority, headed by Rev. Dr. Ross, unwilling that their license to hold slaves should be alloyed by censure of that relation in any manner or degree, made protest, withdrew, and issued a Call for a Convention to organize a new General Assembly.

Now this action of the General Assembly at Cleveland, namely, *a censure of slaveholding in general terms, coupled with an express allowance of its present and indefinite continuance*, Mr. Boynton has the effrontery to represent as "having uttered their testimony AND SEPARATED FROM THE SIN"! And it is in relation to this case that he says—"For the present, *direct warfare is over.*" What wonder that he elsewhere says—The signs of the times now indicate that "free labor and slave labor *may be placed side by side*, to work out their several results"!!

6. This brings us to the last characteristic peculiarity of Mr. Boynton's sermon which we shall mention, namely—Its deliberate decision that the Church, *having now the whole work of Christian reform handed over to her, and the whole responsibility for it laid upon her*, should now proceed to—LET THIS SUBJECT ALONE AND ATTEND TO OTHER THINGS! We repeat his words, namely:

"To this ground [the ground of the Cleveland General Assembly] Churches and Societies will quietly come, and then, having uttered their testimony and separated from the sin [!!], they will apparently PAUSE, *intending for the present no aggressive movement.* This will be essentially the case with every other reform. For the present, direct warfare is over. The Church will PAUSE to consider and survey the field, while *other topics* for the present will occupy her chief attention."

If we add to this the statement of Mr. Boynton's decision (at once self-contradictory and treacherous to every obligation, alike of the Christian and the Christian minister) that the right course for the Church is to declare slaveholding a sin, BUT NOT TO REJECT A MAN MERELY BECAUSE OF THE BARE RELATION, we shall reach the proper place for saying—in answer to our correspondent who asks the insertion of the sermon in full in The Standard, as an expression of the ideas of sundry "Evangelical" people in Cincinnati—that the only appropriate place for it would be the Pro-slavery department, for which it is rather inconveniently long.

### *ANTI-SLAVERY IN FRANCE.*

FRENCH SYMPATHY WITH THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY—THE PASTOR MONOD'S OBJECT AND COURSE IN AMERICA—HIS CONDUCT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES AFTER HIS RETURN TO PARIS—MRS. STOWE'S REBUKE AND ITS EFFECT—THE JUDGMENT OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM AS EXPRESSED IN ONE OF ITS ORGANS.

The sympathies for the enslaved awakened by the Revolution of 1848, and, in consistency with what Frenchmen then claimed for themselves, applied so successfully by Lamartine and Arago, as chiefs of the Provisional Government of that time, to the immediate emancipation of the French West Indies—the sympathies which were never degraded into sentimentality by being paraded in words to excuse their being divorced from action—did not confine themselves to France. They went forth, as far as permitted by the comity of nations, towards the deliverers of all lands; and members of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society then resident in France had reason to know how living and how true the French heart was to the cause of freedom in the United States, even when the last hope was sinking under it in Paris.

It was deeply affecting to see men calling "to arms!" for their own last vain stand against despotism; defying the usurper at the risk of life, living and reputation—all save honor; resisting every temptation to perform the accursed worship of the rising sun which would have concentred all its rays upon themselves; making ready for death, perpetual exile, want, or, at best, that laborious and frugal obscurity which, because it puts him to shame, a tyrant always spends his evil strength in tormenting; and all the while sending to us across the Atlantic that testimonial, word or deed of cheer that binds anew such as we are to this altar of the World's Sacrifice.

Like the devoted ranks that went down with the Birkenhead, saluting with three cheers the boats that were nearing the shore, as the deck settled under them, they have left a memory in our hearts which will count for much in our final victory. Thanks and honor to them all in the name of the human race—to the living and the dead! and let the names of Schœlcher, Arago, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Saint Hilaire, Michelet, David d'Angers, Adolph Monod, Ange Guepin, Emile Souvestre, and so many others whom to name would, in the present sad state of France, be to injure, be like the names of Lafayette and the helpers of that earlier time, forever bright in American remembrance! and may none of them who yet live ever desert or do shame to the holy cause for which they suffer and rejoice.

Among those who have warmly and effectually sympathized with us are Protestants of Paris and many other French cities. Year after year their contributions have been constant to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

At length, last year one of their pastors came to the United Stated States, seeking funds to build up a Protestant Church in Paris; and, to obtain them, he was obliged to forbear to protest against slavery, and concede to that type and embodiment of American pro-slavery religion, the Tract Society, that there could be such a thing as a Christian gospel without a zeal for freedom! that from the sin of slavery there is no need of a Redeemer!

When the great apostle of old would commend the gospel to the ancient heathen world, he called it Liberty! "the glorious liberty of the sons of God!" When the French Protestant pastor becomes the tool of the American Tract Society, he takes his stand upon the cornerstone of American despotism and labors to convince Europe that the gospel of Christ can be at one with slavery.

We shall, from time to time, refer to the course of the pastor who does not protest against the wolf, and record his disgraceful defeats and still more disgraceful successes. As an instance of the latter may be counted the cessation of certain Protestant contributions, coincident with his return from his tour of American experience among the advocates for the longer continuance of slaveholding, and avoidance of those who are laboring to abolish slavery. The proposed building on the Boulevard Sevastopol, in Paris, the trophy of a pro-slavery victory, will ever look, to all true Protestant Christians, like a warning monument of defeat and betrayal. One cannot but feel confident that not many Protestant French pastors will make themselves channels of pro-slavery influence hereafter.

On the other hand, we have to record a rebuke which meets the Protestant pastor who dares not, as a part of the gospel of liberty, to protest against slavery; and we translate it from the "Lien," one of the leading organs of French Protestantism. That paper says:

"We have received from Mrs. Stowe an article published by the New York *Independent*, in which the eloquent author of *Uncle Tom* protests against the great sin of the American Tract Society—one which has unhappily found approvers even in Europe. We cannot insert the article entire, on account of its length and personal character. But our readers will be glad to see an abstract prepared by a most competent judge of social questions.

"We learn from Mrs. Stowe that, shortly after the arrival of the Remonstrance of the Pastors and Elders of our Churches against American Slavery, addressed to their American brothers, the Tract Society, a vast organization, representing the literature of every shade of religious opinion in the land, and which finds access to thousands and thousands of minds, touched, perhaps, by the earnest exhortations from France, appointed a committee to prepare and publish tracts, relating not to the crime of slavery, but merely to the vices which it may occasion, and the duties it imposes.

"This was evidently to mistake the true course. It was, to say the least, implicitly to recognize as permanent and legitimate a state of things resting on the gravest of usurpations; for who ever thought of enumerating the duties created by a situation in every respect unlawful, of regulating crime, of making a code for the use of murder and robbery? From the times of Moses to our own, one single paragraph has been enough: 'Thou shalt not kill.' 'Thou shalt not steal.'

"This, then, was a deplorable concession. Nevertheless it was received as an insult by the slaveholders. It was touching their sacred ark. It was calling on morals to act in a case with which, in fact, they could have nothing to do.

"The South rose to a man, and the committee charged with the publication of a tract which, all the world knew, did not contain a single word that could in reason be supposed to wound any one whatever, suspended its operations. 'A meeting was called—it was what is in America designated as a mob-meeting; that is to say, that all discussion was violently interrupted, and a vote carried by a packed majority, drawn principally from pro-slavery New York.'

"This vote forbids the Society (sustained though it be by the funds of a Christian denomination whose discipline condemns slavery as a sin) not merely to treat it as such, but to make the slightest or most indirect allusion to it. Anathemas against gambling, dancing, theatre-going—but respect for slavery

"This is the state of things and this the vote which has been praised for its *prudence*. Prudent it may be, but with a different prudence from that which animated Paul preaching before the Corinthians against their dissolute lives; at Athens against their frivolous minds; and at the end of his career taking the elders of Ephesus to witness that he was 'guiltless of the blood of *all*, having never shrunk from preaching to *all* the whole counsel of God': a prudence quite other than that of Knox before Mary Stuart—of Budaine before an assembly of courtiers.

"It is that prudence which has made the Church the willing tool of a party; which has given up to it the tribune, the press, the pulpit of a free country; which suppresses in reprints of foreign literature, even the *word* slavery; which effaces from the picture of that great painter of the spirit, whose recent loss art deplores, the figure of the slave who lifts a suppliant glance towards Christ the Consoler.

"It is not enough to say in reply—'We hate slavery,' 'everybody' (says Mrs. Stowe with profound truth) 'hates slavery in the abstract. Every man condemns it till he finds reason to hold his peace, and then he is silent.'

"'How' (says Mrs. Stowe) 'has the American Church fallen into its present state of actual powerlessness? It is owing to this silence that men think so wise; it is because every Society, every Church, every College, every school, every individual even is asking or claiming something he thinks useful, but which he can only obtain by evading this irritating question.

"'When' (says Mrs. Stowe) 'we were last year in Paris, our *co-religionaires* said to us with their national warmth, "What are your American Churches doing? How can they keep silence while associating themselves with such a system?" We now reply to them: They associate themselves with it, as the French Churches, we greatly fear, are beginning to do. They wish to accomplish many plans good and praiseworthy in themselves; they need help and money, and men say to them, be silent about slavery and we will give it to you. In other words, Satan approaches the Bride of Christ, not black and disgusting, but like a gentle, polite Christian, and says to her, "Beautiful lady, I will raise your walls and build your gates and ornament your sanctuary with precious stones, and restore your waste places; *only*, keep silence on one single point, for on that point your words kill me. I do not forbid you to *pray* about it, nor to have your *private* opinion about it, nor even to hate it. Hate it to your heart's content, but *say nothing about it.*"'

"Want of space forbids us to multiply extracts. We regret it sincerely, for, in our opinion, the subject touches Christianity even more vitally than it does the cause of abolition. We believe that in the actual state of men's minds, aroused by the spectacle that Russia now offers, no human power can long retard the triumph of that great cause. The slave will be free, but to *what will his liberty be owing?* To a political compromise, to the fear he excites, to the irresistible explosion of a force long repressed? or to the authority of the gospel over Christian souls? This, for us, is the question of questions. The work *will* be accomplished, but by what instruments, and in virtue of what principle?

"Mrs. Stowe tells us (and we know it only too well) that the studied silence, the visible indifference, and the guilty concessions of the Protestant Church of the United States, on a point so vital, have severed from its bosom many zealous advocates, many fervent Christians, whom it brands at this time with the name of infidels; and if now, in a crisis so imminent, she persists in her cowardly neutrality, if the battle is won without her, we are compelled to say it in the deepest bitterness of soul, she will have lost the right to join her voice to the hosannahs which will hail the coming of Liberty—the moral life of our oppressed race. The day that shall, year after year, recall to remembrance that great act of reparation—the festival of deliverance—shall be to her a day of keen regret and deep humiliation.

"In the name of our common faith, for the sake of your own interests, and the interests of Protestantism so seriously compromised, we entreat you, founders of American Liberty, descendants of the proscribed Puritans, spare yourselves this shame while there is time."

### *INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.*

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

When immediate emancipation was first claimed for the slave, forum, pulpit and press were in the hands of the enemy—to rescue these, therefore, was the primary duty of Abolitionists. The Slave Power, maddened by the prospects of a speedy overthrow, was unscrupulous in her efforts to silence her formidable opponents, who, though few in number, were strong in the justice of their cause: Mr. Garrison was mobbed and imprisoned, the women of Boston insulted and their assemblies dispersed; Lovejoy was driven from Missouri and murdered in Illinois, while in Philadelphia a hall dedicated to freedom was burned, and the friends of the colored race were compelled to conceal themselves to escape the fury of the populace. These outrages, however, only kindled the spark they were designed to extinguish, and the triumph of justice was but the more speedy. Mr. Garrison now proclaims the doctrine of Immediate Emancipation, without fear of molestation; Mr. Giddings teaches radical anti-slavery to a Missouri audience, and Mr. Furness advocates disunion from a Philadelphia pulpit.

We read with feelings of admiration and gratitude the history of the American Anti-Slavery Society; admiration for its fidelity to the slave, and gratitude for the inestimable rights secured to us. How many of us would have adhered so heroically to the cause of liberty in those stormy times? But few Christians doubt that had they lived when Christ taught his religion in person, they would have been bearers of the cross; yet how many are now ready to suffer crucifixion for that religion? But few Protestants believe they would not have joined Luther in his warfare against the Church, yet how many will now suffer martyrdom for conscience sake? Every anti-slavery man speaks of the early history of the movement with pride and satisfaction, yet how many of us will emulate the example of the pioneers! Now, the best method of showing our appreciation of the rights so bravely won for us, is to exercise them, and the best evidence of the extent of our anti-slavery feeling is our present course of action. Much has been done, much progress has been made, but the end is not yet; the slave still wears the chain, the tyrant still scourges his victim. Are we who have more recently enlisted in the cause as persistent in our labor, as untiring in our devotion, as those who worked before us? Do we prove our faith by works? or, is our anti-slavery feeling mere sentiment and without vitality? If we hesitate to demand immediate justice, if we shrink from pressing the question upon the consciences of friends in the social circle, if we are unwilling to make sacrifices, personal, social or political, only performing that which is easy and pleasant, then are we but little better than mere theorists; there is a responsibility resting upon us as individuals which we cannot escape; we may frequent Anti-Slavery Conventions, and read anti-slavery papers, we may attend Fairs and Fair circles and yet fail almost entirely to meet this personal responsibity. In Philadelphia, there is a night school for the education of colored people, whose doors are well-nigh closed, not from lack of scholars but for the want of teachers; this surely is an opportunity for practical anti-slavery work; yet where are those young Abolitionists, young men, aye, and women too, who in the Fremont campaign could take long journeys to attend a Republican meeting, or to hear a speech from Mr. Burlingame? Where are those whom we meet at the pleasant social gatherings of the Fair circle, or who frequent the Fair, day and evening, throughout the season? Where are those who are eager for debate and are early in the hall when Curtis, Phillips or some other favorite is to lecture? Are not these in any measure responsible for the success or failure of this school? The work may be tedious; some pleasures may perchance be relinquished; the opera may attract one, the lecture another, or a party the third; but of what value is our anti-slavery feeling if such as these cannot be sacrificed? This school is now established in the very hall where our fathers were once mobbed for *daring* to teach their colored brethren, and shall it be said that children prize so lightly the right so hardly earned, that a school for this noble purpose cannot be maintained in Philadelphia? In such a case as this, the early Abolitionists would have made it a personal matter; and unless we too are willing to make the success of an anti-slavery enterprise a personal affair, unless we too are willing to identify our interests with those of the slave, our efforts as Abolitionists must indeed be futile.

Freshman.

## Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, December 20, 1858.

We have held our Bazaar and usual simultaneous Anti-Slavery Convention, and both have been in a high degree successful. The elements were against us for the first two days, but the friends of these *institutions*—for such they have become—not being of the *fair-weather* type, this did not make much, if any, perceptible difference. The spacious hall in which the Fair was held was largely visited every day, and in the evenings it was crowded. The Convention, which was held in the afternoons, was also well attended.

The only drawback to the pleasure and complete success of the Fair was the non-arrival of the English things. A small box sent to Mr. Kell from Southampton was the only contribution from the other side of the water that has reached us. We have letters containing invoices of goods sent from Bristol, Leeds, Dublin, Edinburgh, and perhaps other places, but not being shipped in season, they have not yet arrived. The good-will which prompted their contribution is most gratefully appreciated, and the things themselves, if they reach us, will not be lost to the cause; but it is a pity that they had not either been forwarded by steam-packet or shipped in time to put their arrival bey

The debate was animated, but without acrimony. Joseph Barker spoke of the abusive epithets which had been applied to him from the anti-slavery platform, but afterwards explained this to refer to an individual case that had occurred in the West. He coupled American slavery with "religious bigotry," with a warmth of manner and heartiness of denunciation that showed the latter to be his especial antipathy; and the resolution on Republicanism he pronounced from his seat to be "ridiculous" in a tone too loud for decorum; but nevertheless there was no cause to complain, on the score of fairness, of the speakers on that side of the question. The resolution presented by Mr. Barker, which was not seconded, was understood to indicate his idea of the policy on which works of reform should be conducted, and of the basis upon which, in his judgment, the Republican party was to be justified.

Topics embraced in the other resolutions afforded matter for remarks, though they occasioned no controversy. The President of the Convention, E. M. Davis, made a very good speech, suggested chiefly by Senator Hammond's address and the comments upon it by the Northern press. Lucretia Mott, Dr. J. B. Smith, Wm. Wells Brown, Henry Grew, Dr. Rock, Robert Purvis and J. M. McKim spoke on the progress and prospects of the cause, and a good deal of information in this regard was drawn out, which seemed highly gratifying to the people. The reporters for the daily papers all showed a friendly interest in the proceedings of the Convention. One of them mingled in the debate and made a very neat speech, vindicating the wisdom of the anti-slavery measures by a reference to their past success. This fact itself constitutes a pleasing argument to prove our progress. The men who used to come to scoff now remain to pray. M.

## RESOLUTIONS,

*Adopted by the Anti-Slavery Convention held in Philadelphia, Dec. 15th, 16th and 17th, 1858.*

Resolved, That American slavery has been proved, by the discussions and developments of the last twenty-five years, to be a system of unmixed and unmitigable wrong, not only destructive of the happiness and best interests of those whom it most immediately concerns, but immeasurably injurious to the whole nation, and a curse to the continent on which it is tolerated.

Resolved, That a system so hideous in its enormity, and so far-reaching and malignant in its influence, calls for the execration of all honest men, demanding that every one having virtue enough to "despise fraud, loathe rapine, or abhor blood," should condemn it, and do what may be in his power for its overthrow.

Resolved, That one of the evils (by no means the greatest) of our slave system is that it disgraces us among the nations of the earth, proving us out of our own mouths and by our own deeds to be a nation of political and religious hypocrites, utterly unworthy the reputation we once enjoyed, and eminently deserving the reproach that is now accummulating against us.

Resolved, That, as Pennsylvanians, we have especial reason to abhor and labor for the overthrow of American slavery, inasmuch as, by its close proximity, existing as it does in three adjoining States, it has corrupted our political morals, and perverted the tone of our public sentiment; as it has taken away the crown once worn by this Commonwealth as a pioneer in the cause of freedom, and made us a by-word and a hissing for our base subserviency to the slaveholders; and as it has chosen, as a fit tool for its purposes, one of our own citizens to enjoy the unenviable honor of being its Chief Executive, and linked the name of Pennsylvania with a Federal Administration the history of which must ever be infamous.

Resolved, That we rejoice in believing that our beloved Commonwealth is becoming heartily ashamed of the part she hasheretofore taken in the support and spread of slavery; and our confident hope is that as her people become enlightened on the subject, they will prove themselves fully adequate to all the duties and responsibilities which their increased intelligence will show to devolve upon them.

Resolved, That the sensation produced in Europe and in this country by the abduction from his parents, in Bologna, of the child Mortara, and his forcible detention within the papal dominions, by the authority of that government, is a cheering sign of progress among the nations of the earth, and a legitimate cause of congratulation to the friends of freedom; but that it is nevertheless deeply mortifying to us as Americans to know—as has been intimated in the covert phrase of official circumlocution—that this government dare not intervene even by a word against this outrage, lest it should bring upon itself the jeers and derision of the whole civilized world.

Resolved, That the refusal by a Grand Jury of Columbia, S. C., to find a true bill against the captain and crew of the slave-ship Echo; the successful landing, in the State of Georgia, of a cargo of imported slaves; the impunity and even eclat which have attended the repeated public attempts made by the Filibuster Walker and his buccaneer associates to conquer territory in Central America, for the use of slavery; the persistent attempts made by the Federal Executive, by force and fraud, to fasten the slave system on Kansas; the recommendation in the recent Presidential Message of appropriations to compensate the owners of certain self-liberated slaves known as the "Amistad Captives," and for the acquisition of Cuba, and the establishment of the so-called "protectorate" over the Mexican States of Sonora and Chihuahua, are facts which, besides proving that it is the earnest and active purpose of the slave-drivers to aggrandize and extend them, clearly demonstrate that as our government is at present constituted and administered, they have the power to accomplish their purpose; and that so long as the people of the North concede to them the power, they make themselves guilty parties to its exercise, and may be justly held accountable for all the base uses to which it is put.

Resolved, That the constitutional compact which binds the North to the South, by virtue of which slavery is maintained and extended, is and can be of no rightful obligation upon the people of the free States; first, because of its inherent turpitude—no oath or promise to do an immoral act being morally lawful or in any way binding—and, second, because the party of the other part have repeatedly violated and do systematically disregard its conditions; and that a further acquiescence in its demands by the people of the free States will argue not only a gross degree of moral depravity, but the most inexcusable political fatuity.

Resolved, That while we regard the existence of the Republican party as a sign of anti-slavery progress, indicating a wholesome change in public sentiment, we can have no *confidence* in it as an anti-slavery instrumentality; nor, so far as its counsels shall be controlled, if they should be controlled at all, by men who denounce as extravagant "ultraism" the obvious truism that slavery and freedom cannot co-exist without exterminating conflict in the same country, and who at the same time commend a thoroughly pro-slavery speech of a South Carolina Senator as praise-worthy conservatism, can we cherish a well-grounded hope that it will exert even a limited usefulness.

Resolved, That, as Pennsylvanians, we protest against the attempt made by certain politicians in this State to put the question of a Protective Tariff on a level with that of Human Rights; and that we do not hesitate to affirm that any party that shall prove itself blind enough to the plainest distinctions, to adopt that sentiment, will prove thereby that it has no claims on the support or countenance of the friends of impartial liberty.

Resolved, That the denial by this State of the right of suffrage to a class of her citizens, otherwise duly qualified, on account of their complexion, is an outrage upon republicanism and a disgrace to the people who tolerate it, and that until this proscribed class are reinstated in the possession of the elective franchise and relieved from the disabilities to which they are now subject, the citizens of this Commonwealth will be justly chargeable with recreancy to humanity and decency, and thus society will not have fully accomplished its mission.

Resolved, That Pennsylvania ought to be free soil to every refugee from oppression, whether he comes from the clutches of a European despot or escapes the bloodhounds of Southern slaveholders; and that this Commonwealth owes it to humanity and justice, to honor and consistency, to secure by legislative enactment the personal liberty of every human being not charged with crime who may seek the refuge of her borders.

Resolved, That in order to secure the legislative action here indicated, this Convention recommends the circulation for signatures, and the presentation to the State Assembly, of a petition in form or substance as follows:

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Pennsylvania, respectfully ask that you will pass a law prohibiting the surrender of any human being claimed as a slave on the soil of Pennsylvania.

Affray in Washington.—On Saturday last, Mr. Montgomery, anti-Lecompton Democratic member of the House from Pennsylvania, meeting in the street W. H. English, Democratic member from Indiana, refused to return his salutation; whereupon the latter followed and struck him from behind with a large cane. An eye-witness of the affair says:

"Mr. English spoke, saying, 'How are you, Mr. Montgomery?' Montgomery neither spoke nor paid any attention to this salutation, but passed on down the Avenue. Mr. English stepped after him a few steps, and struck him from behind, with his cane, a very heavy blow on the side of the head. Montgomery turned on him. English stepped back, and drew his sword cane, as though about to stab Montgomery with it. Montgomery stepped back into the Avenue, and caught up a piece of brick. English was running when Montgomery threw the brick and hit him on the heel or lower part of the leg. Montgomery went back for another stone, and English ran rapidly away up Fourteenth street. When Montgomery came back, English had run half a square, and was beyond his reach. We (Wm. Combe and Daniel Cox) were the only persons close by. We saw and heard all that passed. Montgomery did not speak until after he was struck."

Montgomery went immediately to a magistrate, and made a charge of assault against English, who has been held to bail. Montgomery's face was badly bruised by the blow, which caused blood to flow profusely. He says:

"I have not spoken to English this session or taken any notice of him, when we met, as we have occasionally. The reason is that he made a speech to the crowd who serenaded him on the night of the passage of his Kansas bill, in which he said that he had associated with me and other anti-Lecompton Democrats only to find out our plans and defeat us. From that time I have looked upon him as a treacherous spy and an unfit associate for gentlemen."

Congress.—We see little in the proceedings of this body that need occupy our attention this week. In the Senate, the principal subject of discussion has been the Pacific Railroad. On Tuesday, Mr. Seward offered a resolution directing the Committee on the Judiciary to report if further legislation is necessary to stop the slave trade. Mr. Davies objecting, it was lost. The House voted not to impeach Judge Watrous.

## From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXXIX.

The Argument.—The Correspondent on the Boston Municipal Election—He defendeth Dr. Smith against the slanders of his enemies—He giveth an account of the Slippery scheme of the Aldermen, and how they were defeated—His opinions on Skating and bodily exercises generally—Also on the Mount Vernon Scheme, and on the refusal of the School Committee to make it a part of public instruction—He complaineth of the drought of news—And of a conspiracy of Jews and Papists against the purses of the people—He commendeth the case to the Know-Nothings—He apologiseth and bewaileth his jejunity, and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1858.

I believe we were on the point of making a City Government when I wrote to you last. Well, we have been and made one. Or rather, we have revamped and made over the last one—patching it up so as to last another year. Dr. Smith took my advice and declined another jump into the old bramble bush in hopes of scratching his eyes in again, and is probably looking out for another one suitable for his experiment of ocular inscalpation. The Boston Correspondent of *The Tribune* (not my esteemed and excellent friend Mr. Byles, however) tells an incredible story to the effect that Dr. Smith's party deserted him because he refused to pay his own electioneering expenses, and then went and offered themselves to the Republicans on condition of their footing the bills, which, when these last had done, the Smithian faction went over in a body and voted for the Democratico-Whigo-Know-Nothing candidate, Mr. Lincoln! Such depravity may be possible in your Gomorrah, but it is not to be believed of this virtuous community. The coalition I spoke of as possible between the Democrats and the Republicans did not come off, and the former gravitated by the natural force of political affinity to the resurrectionized remains of the old Whig party, which Mr. Webster *burked* just as he was dying himself, and which have been "galvanized at times to go" to the polls when there was some hope of bothering the Republicans. So Mr. Lincoln was reelected by a majority of something over three hundred against one of near four thousand last year. Mr. Palmer, the Temperance candidate, had about one thousand votes out of twelve thousand, a result which cannot possibly represent the state of public feeling as to the necessity of restraining the sale of liquors by laws, but only as to the policy of the existing ones.

The present City Government made a funny attempt to conciliate the multitudes by a plan for turning the parade ground at the bottom of the Common into a skating-pond for Young Boston of both sexes. A numerously signed petition was got up and sent in for this end, and the Board of Aldermen voted that it be done. The Water Commissioners, who have the responsibility of the proper dispensation of the Cochituate, remonstrated against the scheme, as one which would be very likely, in any event, and sure in a winter of great severity, to deprive a large portion of the inhabitants, those living in the higher portions of the city, of their supply of water. There was a good deal of backing and filling on the subject, and I believe the Aldermen held to their slippery purpose to the last. I know that the embankment of the projected lake was begun. But in some way or another I believe it has come to an end, and the rising generation must content themselves with the ancient limits of the Frog Pond—so-called, I believe, from there never having been any frogs in it within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—and the wider, but more dangerous, expanse of the Back Bay, which is daily diminishing by the process of making land, there not being a sufficient supply of *terra firma* on this continent of ours, so that we have to eke it out by cribbing a little from the sea every now and then. A very considerable slice of the Boston of to-day has in this way been manufactured to order, and it is, to all appearance, as good as the original article itself.

Not that I have a word to say against skating. It is an admirable institution; only I think that the primary object of Aqueducts is to supply water for other purposes than *freezing*, at least first. If the supply should ever be sufficient for this purpose too, I should hold up both hands, were I a member of the City Government, for its application to it. The skating season has already opened and the ponds in the neighborhood—*lakes* they would be called in that land of small things from which we came—are covered with eager skaters—young women as well as young men. The railways leading to them are thronged with merry companies that come and go from the scenes of their healthful diversion. It is an excellent freak of Fashion that has brought this excellent exercise into vogue, and I hope she will go on until she has provided the rising (and the risen) generation with cheerful and exhilarating exercitations in the open air, at all seasons of the year. I think there is a perceptible movement in the right direction as to this vital matter, which, I trust, will in time put an end to the complaints as to the strength of our men and the continuing beauty of our women. Boating, cricketing and riding in the summer, skating in winter, and walking at all times, may in time restore the blush of roses to the cheeks of the American women, and the dexterous strength and fine proportion to the men, which our detractors, or at least our critics, say we have left behind in the fast-anchored isle from which we came.

I cannot tell you precisely how the Mount Vernon subscription goes on. I rather think it hangs fire everywhere. At least, I see that half the requisite sum has not yet been extracted from the reluctant pockets of the people. And I opine that the charmers who have undertaken the job will find it a hard one to do up, charm they never so wisely. Mr. Kimball, of whom and his Museum I told you in my last letter, gave it a benefit at his theatre and passed over $400, as the result. Further I cannot depose. The School Committee refused to permit the subject to be laid before the Public Schools for the purpose of wheedling their poor coppers from the poor children to help Mr. John A. Washington's speculation. I cannot but think this decision a very just and proper one. The greater part of the children at the public schools are from the middling and poorer classes of society, who live only by the most careful economies. To permit an application to them for a contribution of this kind would be to expose the children and their parents to the unpleasantness of a refusal to do a thing the School Committee at least permitted to be asked of them, or to a diversion of money they could ill spare from their own uses to that of the aforesaid Mr. John A. Washington. It was an alternative to which the Committee did perfectly right in refusing to subject them. I think there is no general inclining towards making up the purse of $195,000 as a present to Mr. Washington, over and above the $5,000 which the land he proposes to sell is worth in the market. He will probably get about half his demand and keep his land into the bargain, which, with his shipmoney on the steamboat that lands passengers to see his estate and the sale of walking-sticks, will not be a bad investment of whatever glory he may have inherited from his great grand uncle. However, it is none of my business, as I have not yet given anything towards his relief, and probably never shall.

There is really nothing at all going on here at present. Formerly, I used to have the Anti-Slavery Bazaar to tell about this week, and it really hardly seems as if it could indeed be Christmas week and no Fair, so thoroughly had it grown into an institution. But if the pecuniary result can be obtained without the laborious machinery of the Bazaar, it certainly will be a great saving of labor and the wear and tear of life. What is to be expected in this kind has not evolved yet; but I gather from what has leaked out that the new experiment will not be a failure. But of that hereafter. The only thing which there is much talk about in private and in the papers is a conspiracy said to be on foot between a Jew and a party of Papists to levy contributions on the public. It is a matter of which Gov. Gardner and his Know-Nothings should take immediate cognizance. This misbeliever, it is said, entices large crowds of people into an unhallowed place, capable of holding several thousands, and, by the allurements and charms of the fair Catholics, extracts great sums of money from their pockets. He avers, I am told, that the chief syren he employs thus to delude the people is a born Princess, which, of course, goes for a great deal in a fierce democratic such as ours. His name is Ullmann and hers Piccolomini, but whether any relation to Max, of whom Schiller wrote and Coleridge translated, I am not competent, at this writing, to say. Worldly persons, who have not the strength of mind to resist temptations of this sort, have told me that this agreement between the Son of Israel and the daughter of Rome is amazingly successful, and that they will spoil the Puritans of this straight laid city of coined money to the tune of tens of thousands. So that I apprehend money cannot be very scarce hereabouts when notes of this kind can be so readily cashed.

You may well infer the poverty of my materials when I am forced to have recourse to such vanities as these to help me eke out my letter. It is not my fault if nothing will persist in happening incessantly; and if your readers find my letters dull, they must blame you who require them of me, and not me that make them up. The Egyptian task-masters were reasonable *bosses* compared to you, for, if they did require the children of Israel to render their full tale of bricks, without furnishing them with straw, they did at least supply them with clay. Whereas you expect me to furnish you my fortnightly *tale*, without either the one or the other. D. Y.

## *PROHIBITION OF SLAVE-HUNTING.*

The Legislature which will assemble in Albany on the first of January will contain a large majority of Republicans in both branches, and we hope that earnest Abolitionists in every County will put its anti-slavery character to the test by sending in petitions, as numerously signed as possible, praying for the enactment of a law prohibiting slave-hunting, under the severest penalties, on the soil of the Empire State. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts are making a strong movement for such a law in that State, and the Legislature of Vermont lately enacted one, for which Abolitionists had earnestly petitioned. The number of Garrisonian Abolitionists in this State is not large; but if they will all take hold of the work in earnest, they can produce a wholesome agitation and gain a large number of signatures to their petitions. In some localities the work is already begun, but we fear that in many others, where we have one or more readers, nothing has yet been attempted. We entreat every friend of the cause in this State, who may read what we now write, to make a copy of the following petition, and at once commence the work of obtaining petitions. Let us go up to the Republican Legislature with our demands that the soil of the State shall be protected from the incursions of the man-hunter; and if they refuse to enact a law for that purpose, let us hold them responsible as the abettors of kidnapping.

*To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:*

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the Slave States of this Union.

## *PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.*

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.

The Atlantic Monthly.—We invite attention to the prospectus of this work in our advertising column. Our opinion of the work we need not now repeat; but we have an announcement to make, which we hope may result in a considerable addition to our own subscription-list. By an arrangement with Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., we are enabled to offer the National Anti-Slavery Standard and *The Atlantic Monthly* together, to new subscribers, for the coming year, for $4.00. Any person, therefore, who will procure one new subscriber to The Standard and forward us the money ($2.00) in advance, can have *The Atlantic* by enclosing $2.00 more in the same letter. The subscription price of the latter is $3.00. The person procuring the subscriber may either share with him the reading of *The Atlantic*, or retain the latter for his own exclusive use. Are there not a considerable number of our readers, especially among the young, who will be glad to avail themselves of this means of aiding the anti-slavery cause and at the same time obtaining the best literary periodical in the United States? Names to be sent in on or before the first of January, 1859. Direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York."

## *NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

The Household Book of Poetry. Collected and Edited by Charles A. Dana. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Poetical Epitomes, Elegant Extracts, Common-place Books of Poetry, and other similar collections of standard or fugitive poems, dropped here and there in the progress of Literature, have never been of much value, or of lasting fame. The reason, perhaps, has been that the books themselves were made by incompetent hands, and were of little value, or else, being intended as one of the royal roads to Learning, were necessarily failures, as such roads always are, beginning at nothing and leading to nowhere. If such publications have ever been of use—and it is hard to believe that they have answered no purpose—it is when they have served as books of reference for those who were already familiar with the sources from whence they were drawn, rather than when put in the hands of those whose ignorance they were meant to enlighten. They are like men of wonderful verbal memories, excellent sometimes for deciding an isolated fact, but generally intolerable bores; good sometimes for correcting a quotation, but resling with a "pig-of-lead-like pressure" with from one line to a dozen pages of extracts, repeated because somebody had written them, and not because they bore any relation to the present audience.

Yet it is plain enough that a volume of selected poetry need neither be dull nor useless. In the memory of every reading man or woman is just such a volume garnered from the rich treasures of all ages, cherished through life, in sorrow and in joy, muttered in the street, repeated by the way-side, bringing gladness into the hearts of the young man or maiden, and light into the eyes of the older and wiser with the recollections of earlier days and the enthusiasm of youth; and in every age, and in every tongue, there is a certain common and household poetry which belongs to every cultivated mind, and makes a sort of freemasonry of literature. Why should it not be printed in a book, and much that is remembered, much that is half forgotten, and much that need only be shown to be made welcome, be gathered together for our daily use?

It is this which Mr. Dana has done in The Household Book of Poetry. A refined culture, a long study and a patient waiting have brought together in a single dainty volume much of the noble, the devout, the tender, the pathetic, the stirring, the quaint and the witty verse that lay scattered over the broad field of English literature. He has not given, nor does he pretend to give, all the fine poetry that has ever been written, or rendered in our mother tongue, for that were simply impossible in any convenient space, nor does he pretend to have collected in one volume everything which is cherished by every individual of cultivated taste, for that would be an inconceivable task. But in eight hundred quarto pages he has gathered together, not the specimens of this or that poet, not the poetry of this or that age, not the mannerisms of this or that school, not the thought of this or that epoch, but the true and beautiful words of the poet of any time and of all time, and of the best utterance, which, by common consent, have been accepted as the household speech which has long found, and will long find, an echo in the human heart. It is this which makes the rare merit of this collection, but this is not all. The reader who may look in the poems of some single author, or of many authors, may not always find all that he thinks his or their best, but he is almost sure to find nothing that he does not love. He may turn over the volume for a general view of it, and he is sure to find much which he is glad to see again, and on which he could not elsewhere lay his finger. And there are very few readers who will not find much that they did not know before, and which they are glad to lay away with much else that they have long valued. But perhaps its best test and highest praise are that it is just such an aid as a judicious mother would choose through which to give to her child a love of poetry, and to lead it through those pleasant paths wherein her own intellect had received its best and most precious culture.

The book, as some of our readers may know, has gone through the ordeal of much criticism. It is a testimony to the catholic spirit in which it was made that poetasters are chagrined that they find no place in it, and that the senseless cry of sectionalism is raised against it as a Northern book from that part of the country which, being without a literature, finds in it but a meagre record.

Matthew Carabt. A Narration of his Adventures during the Autumn of 1848, among Friends and Strangers, in Town and Country. By Benaulx. New York: Mason Brothers.

The author of this work tells us that it is not addressed to any distinct individual end, nor intended to promote any great reform. Its purpose is simply to narrate one of those episodes of individual life which not unfrequently occur under the complex social relations of the present time, and in which an unusual combination of circumstances, very simple and natural in themselves, exhibits the play of human thought and feeling in a striking manner. It is an American novel, exhibiting some of the lights and shades of commercial Life in New York. The characters and scenes are sketched with no little skill, and the story is interesting and well developed.

Our Charley, and What to Do With Him. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

This is a capital book both for parents and children. The larger portion of it is filled with stories, of which no mention is made in the title-page—"stories with which one mother has beguiled the twilight hours of one Charley," and which "are given in hopes that other mothers may find pleasure in reading them to *their* Charleys. Their titles are—The Happy Child; Leaves from the Life of a Fairy; Uncle Jerry's Dream; Take Care of the Hook; Fairy Tales; A Talk About Birds.

The Atlantic Monthly for January contains the following articles:

Olympus and Asgard.
Juanita.
Left Behind.
Coffee and Tea.
Men of the Sea.
Chicadee.
The Illustrious Obscure.
"The New Life" of Dante.
At Sea.
Bulls and Bears.
The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.
The Minister's Wooing.
White's Shakspeare.
Reviews and Literary Notices.

"The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" is as wise and witty as the "Autocrat." Some of his utterances, we observe, have already provoked the hostile criticism of men who, claiming the utmost liberty of expression *for themselves* upon any topic, would put all free souls into straight jackets and smother under conventional restraints every thought that does not tally with the current orthodoxy. Such men, affecting to be the zealous defenders of religion, do more mischief than open infidels by creating a popular suspicion that there is something in Christianity which will not bear free handling; whereas it is not Christianity, but their own bigotry and superstition, that is in danger of being blown away by the winds of free discussion.

Mrs. Stowe's story, "The Minister's Wooing," grows more interesting with each new chapter. Her pictures of New England life in the period following the Revolution are wonderfully vivid and real.

The North British Review for November (Am. Ed., L. Scott & Co.) contains the following papers:

1. The Present State of France.
2. Translations from Sanskrit.
3. German Church Historians.
4. Oxford Aristotelianism.
5. Aquatic Zoology—Sir John G. Dadyell.
6. Decimal Coinage.
7. Novels by the Authoress of John Halifax.
8. Popular Education in Britain and Ireland.
9. Decay of Modern Satire.
10. The Atlantic Telegraph.
11. Recent Publications.

The article on the "Decay of Modern Satire" pays a deserved and therefore gratifying tribute to James Russell Lowell, for which see fourth page. Among the "Recent Publications" to which our attention is directed is Buckle's History of Civilization, which is pronounced unworthy of "a lengthened article" and dismissed in a few curt paragraphs. *Blackwood*, our readers will remember, said: "We have met with no book for a long time which we have read with so much interest, from which so much information and so many novel views are to be derived, or which is altogether so worthy of a studious perusal." The *North British*, on the contrary, says: "We have never read a book which brought more forcibly before us in its absurd pretensions to all sorts of knowledge, that phrase, 'Jack of all trades and master of none.' One service, however, Mr. Buckle has rendered. He has, in his book, presented to the future historian of English civilization a specimen of all that his work ought not to be." So much for the infallibility of criticism!

"Merry's Museum, Parley's Magazine, Woodworth's Cabinet and the School-fellow," is the title of an excellent periodical for children, published monthly by J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau street, and edited by Robert Merry, Uncle Frank and Hiram Hatchet. Terms $1 a year. The January number contains a capital likeness of the venerable Peter Parley.

Littell's Living Age, No. 760, opens with a long and very interesting historical paper, from the *National Review*, upon "The Great Rebellion" of 1640. The subsequent pages are judiciously filled. Stanford and Delisser, 508 Broadway.

## *PERSONAL.*

John G. Whittier is enrolled among the "Special Contributors" of *The Independent* for the next year. His first contribution will be a poem entitled "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall," to be published January 6th.

The Boston *Advertiser* understands that Mr. John Sibley, the Librarian of Harvard College, has been, for many years, collecting materials for a complete and elaborate biography of all the graduates of that institution, and that it will be published as soon as practicable.

Lola Montes has arrived at Galway, and purposes delivering lectures in the Irish cities upon "America: its People and Social Institutions." She says she means to talk about them as they are, and not misrepresent them after the manner of Mackay, Dickens and Thackeray.

The New Orleans *Delta* contains an article attacking Hiram Powers, whom it accuses of being a "violent Abolitionist." The *Delta* has a correspondent who is solicitous to be informed whether Powers, the Abolitionist, has received an order from government to execute two statues at $10,000 each. It is quite certain, in this connection, that if government never employs a great artist until it finds one who is a partisan of slavery, it will never employ one at all.

The Hartford *Times*, reviewing a recent lecture of Mr. Emerson in that city, says:

"Emerson is the best type of a clear, crystallized intellect, unclogged by interfering physical conditions, of any American author. In those unfaltering interior researches into the hidden law and nature of man's own essential self—the ever-eluding *Ego* of the human soul—Emerson, to use a vulgar western figure of speech, 'dives deeper, stays down longer and comes up drier' than any other such explorers of modern times."

Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, has made the following protest against being taxed without being represented:

To Frederick U. Tracy, Treasurer, and the Assessors and other Authorities of the City of Boston, and the Citizens generally, and the Legislature in particular:

Every year since 1852, I have, on payment of my taxes, protested against the injustice of governing woman without her "consent," of compelling her to submit to "taxation without representation," and again I repeat my protest.

The position of woman in our republic will yet be presented before our Courts, and this of *compulsory* taxation must be met.

When our fathers protested against the enforcement of the Stamp act, they were answered by Great Britain that they were virtually represented. What was their historic reply? Woman *protests* now against the *like* injustice, and receives a *like* answer. History will record her triumph, also, for the principles of the *two* protests are identical, and the victory of the *one* is prophetic of the *other*.

All which is respectfully submitted,

Harriot K. Hunt.

No. 32 Green street, Boston, Dec. 6, 1858.

The Slave Trade in Georgia.—The Constitution of Georgia contains a provision in these words: "There shall be no future importation of slaves into this State from Africa or any other foreign place, after the first of October next" (1791). In the Legislature, not many days ago, a bill providing for the steps necessary to the striking-out of this clause was presented and discussed. The principal argument in behalf of the bill was that urged by Mr. Atkinson, who said:

"The time has arrived in the history of this country for men to take position on this subject, and the Southern people ought to pluck the beam out of their own eyes before they attempt to cast the mote out of the eyes of our Northern brethren. If we first purge our Constitution and our laws of these abolition heresies, we can then consistently ask the North to believe with us; but while we acknowledge the evil of slavery by prohibiting it from our shores, can we expect them to call it anything but a sin? There is but one way to fight this question, and that is to place it on the right ground, the strong ground. We demoralize our course by taking weak positions and making unfounded admissions. I have not the slightest doubt of our final success, if we take right ground, and shape our actions accordingly. If we take wrong ground, I fear all is lost. The fire of fanaticism is coming down upon us; to resist it successfully we must put on the panoply of law, and arm ourselves at every point. This we cannot do while we acknowledge the means by which we acquired it ought to be prohibited."

Mr. Atkinson's logic is clear and unanswerable; the right to hold and breed slaves at home involves, of course, the rightfulness of importation from foreign lands; hence the constitutional prohibition above quoted, and still more the laws of the United States declaring the slave trade to be piracy, are a stigma upon slavery and slaveholders, which the latter, by every motive of consistency, are required to remove. The bill, after a hot discussion, was defeated by 1 majority—the vote standing 47 to 46. Subsequently, the question was reconsidered—yeas 62, nays 38—with the understanding that the bill should lie on the table and not be called up this year.

## *THE TWENTY-FIFTH* NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

The undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the Anti-Slavery Cause, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to the Cause.

| | |
|---|---|
| Maria Weston Chapman, | Lydia D. Parker, |
| Mary May, | Eliza F. Eddy, |
| Louisa Loring, | Abby Francis, |
| Eliza Lee Follen, | Sarah Russell May, |
| L. Maria Child, | Abby Kelley Foster, |
| Henrietta Sargent, | Sarah H. Southwick, |
| Anne Warren Weston, | Evelina A. S. Smith, |
| Mary Gray Chapman, | Ann Rebecca Bramhall, |
| Helen Eliza Garrison, | Augusta G. King, |
| Sarah Shaw Russell, | Elizabeth Von Armin, |
| Frances Mary Robbins, | Anna Shaw Greene, |
| Caroline Weston, | Eliza H. Apthorp, |
| Mary Willey, | Mattie Griffith, |
| Sarah Blake Shaw, | Mary Elizabeth Sargent, |
| Susan C. Cabot, | Anne Langdon Alger. |

Wanted.—The *First*, *Second* and *Seventh* Reports of the American Anti-Slavery Society; also, the following Reports of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, viz., The *First* (1833). *Second* (1834). *Fourth* (1836). *Fifth* (1837). *Sixth* (1838). *Seventh* (1839). *Twelfth* (1844) and *Thirteenth* (1845).

Our readers and friends, who may have any of the above numbers to spare, will confer a favor upon the Anti Slavery Cause by sending such to the office, 21 Cornhill, Boston, to the care of Samuel May, Jr. If desired, a fair price will be paid for several copies of each Report.

## Summary.

Another Prize Fight.—Two men in Cincinnati have made a match to eat mush and milk for $10 "and the championship." The one who bursts first loses.

An Unexpected Conversion.—The Boston *Courier*, a journal representing the Buchanan Whigs of Boston, is evidently tired of its Administration connection. In its issue of the 15th, it declares its readiness to "rough it" with the Republicans, should they nominate Hamilton Fish, instead of Seward, for the Presidency. As Mr. Seward is no more of a Republican than Mr. Fish, we do not see why the *Courier* should not hoist the Republican banner at once.—*Eve. Post*

A New York Observatory.—Several meetings of scientific gentlemen and merchants have been held in this city, to talk over the project of erecting an observatory in New York. It is confidently believed that money enough can be raised to carry out the enterprise, and make the New York Observatory one of the best in the world. The location will probably be on the high ground of the Central Park, which is admirably suited to such a purpose.

The task of completing the Great Eastern steamship is about to commence, and it is considered certain that she will be ready to make her first trip to Portland by midsummer next. The first year's trips of the vessel are to be between England and Portland, but where she will be eventually employed is at present undecided. A suggestion that she should be the pioneer of a great trunk line of communication betwen England and India was favorably received.

Freedom.—We copy the following item from the Richmond *South*:

"On Wednesday evening a resident of Prince William County, named Crawford, was committed to jail by Justice Kankey, charged with declaring that he was an abolitionist: that he believed a negro as good as he was, if he behaved himself; and maintaining, by speaking, that persons have not the right of property in slaves under the law."

The House Committees, as now appointed, set forth Col. Orr's sectional unfairness in a very striking light. He has given the championship of fourteen important committees to Southern members, and but four to the North; and on every committee which has any decided influence on legislation, he has placed five Southerners to four Northern members. Though the free States have more than three-fifths of the House, he has appointed Southern men to fill all the vacancies caused by death or retirement.—*Eve. Post.*

The Value of Negroes.—A singular but accurate way of estimating the price of field hands may be found in the price of cotton. For every cent a pound for cotton, a field hand will bring one hundred dollars: for instance, the present price of cotton is 10 to 12 cents, and the price of a negro man is from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars. The price of the latter may not fluctuate as rapidly as cotton, but is not the less certain to follow an advance or decline of any duration.—*Savannah Republican*, 11th.

Vespers in a Protestant Church.—A novel religious service is held in the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, upon alternate Sabbath evenings. It is denominated, as the minister the Rev. Mr. Longfellow (who prepared the form of service), says, a "Vesper Service," for want of a better name, and consists of hymns, anthems, chants, prayers, both audible and "Silent," lessons of Scripture, &c. It was listened to last Sunday evening for the first time, by a crowded church, and notice was given that upon the intervening Sabbath evening the usual services, with a sermon, would be held, as heretofore. —*Tribune.*

Douglas's Slaves.—Senator Slidell of Louisiana writes to *The Union* to deny that he ever said that the slaves of the Hon. S. A. Douglas in Louisiana were overworked and underfed. The whole story to that effect Mr. Slidell pronounces a deliberate and malicious falsehood. In fact, according to Mr. Slidell, the slaves of Mr. Douglas are, if anything, rather overfed and underworked than otherwise, being "employed in cotton-planting on the Mississippi River, and in possession of an old and valued friend, James A. McHatton, than whom a more honorable man or a better master cannot be found in Louisiana."

The Senate Committees.—Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, a State next door to bankruptcy, is Chairman of Finance! Mr. Clay, of Alabama, an inland lawyer from a State that never builds a ship, is Chairman of Commerce!

Post-offices and Post-roads are assigned to Mr. Yulee, of Florida, who gets his letters by bridle-paths through swamps. The Federal Capital to Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, which threatens to dissolve the Union! The Library to Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, which makes it a crime to teach the Bible.

Gen. Davis, the other representative of the "war on the Union," Mississippian, is made Chairman of Military Affairs. Mr. Green, who was elected by the Border-Ruffians, is made Chairman of Territories

# Miscellaneous Department.

## CHRISTKINDLEIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

How bird-like o'er the flakes of snow
Its fairy footsteps flew!
And on its soft and childish brow
How delicate the hue!

And expectation wings its feet,
And stirs its infant smile;
The merry bells their chimes repeat;
The child stands still the while,

Then claps in joy its little hand;
Then marks the Christian dome;
The stranger child, in stranger land,
Feels now as if at home.

It runs along the sparkling ground;
Its face with gladness beams;
It frolics in the blaze around,
Which from each window gleams.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
Reflected from the trees;
And from the branches, green and tall,
The glittering gifts it sees.

It views within the lighted hall
The charm of social love;
O, what a joyous festival!
'Tis sanctioned from above.

But now the childish heart's unstrung:
"Where is my taper's light?
And why no evergreen been hung
With toys for me to-night?

"In my sweet home there was a hand
Of holy love for me;
And mother's kind and tender hand
Once decked my Christmas-tree.

"O, some one take me 'neath the blaze
Of those light tapers, do!
And children, I can feel the plays;
O, let me play with you!

"I care not for the prettiest toy;
I want the love of home;
O, let me, in your playful joy,
Forget I have to roam!"

The little fragile hand is raised;
It strikes at every gate;
In every window earnest gazed,
Then 'mid the snow it sat.

"Christinkle!* thou, the children's friend,
I've none to love me now!
Hast thou forgot my tree to send,
With lights on every bough?"

The baby's hands are numbed with frost,
Yet press the little cloak;
Then on its breast in meekness crossed,
A sigh the silence broke.

And closer still the cloak it drew
Around its silken hair;
Its pretty eyes, so clear and blue,
Alone defied the air.

Then came another pilgrim child—
A shining light he held;
The accents fell so sweet and mild,
All music they excelled.

"I am thy Christmas friend, indeed,
And once a child like thee;
When all forget, thou need'st not plead—
I will adorn thy tree.

"My joys are felt in street or bower,
My gift is everywhere;
Thy Christmas-tree, my precious flower,
Here, in the open air,

"Shall far outshine those other trees,
Which caught thy infant eye."
The stranger child looks up, and sees,
Far, in the deep blue sky,

A glorious tree, and stars among
The branches hang their light;
The child, with soul all music, sung,
"My tree indeed is bright!"

And 'neath the power of a dream
The infant closed its eyes,
And troops of radiant angels seem
Descending from the skies.

The baby to it Christ they bear;
With Jesus it shall live;
It finds a home and treasures there
Sweeter than earth can give.

*—Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe.*

* A corruption of the German Christkindlein. It means the Child Christ, to whom it is thought all these gifts are owing.

For The Standard.

## WARNINGS AND FORESHADOWINGS.

### A WIFE'S STORY FOR CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

It is just three years ago, this Christmas night; but it seems almost twice as long. Time, when it is bound to us by the tie of a remembered sorrow, never slips easily away.

I could not tell when to expect, with certainty, Capt. Stone's return, but looked forward to the middle of January. It was not likely to be earlier.

Three days before Christmas (I mean the first Christmas, three years ago) a violent storm arose, continuing without intermission till Christmas Eve. It began on Monday; Christmas was on Thursday. At first, there was a slight fall of snow, that just covered the ground, the weather being too cold for deep drifts. I remember that the children were in high glee at the prospect of a Christmas sleigh-ride. But during the whole of Monday night, and nearly the whole of Tuesday, the storm continued to increase, accompanied with alternate rain, hail, and wind. The house shook with the gale; the window-panes rattled dismally. On Tuesday evening, the rain ceased, but the wind increased. The clouds broke away, and the moon rose clear; but the gale was fearful. The children were afraid to be put to bed.

"Mother," said Alice, "the house will fall down."

"No, my child," said I, "there is no danger; the house is strong. But think of your father to-night, on board the ship."

"Is there a storm on the sea?" asked Charlie.

"Yes," I replied; "so fierce a storm reaches many miles over sea and land."

"Then," said he, after a moment's thoughtfulness, "father will be drowned"; and he burst into tears.

"Don't cry," I said; "your father is hundreds of miles away; he is not in the storm."

I had not thought of it before, but at that moment an apprehension of danger seized my mind. It came upon me so suddenly that I could not forbear rising hastily and going to the window, that they might not see a tear which I felt was already coming to my eye. The wind seemed to whistle still more awfully, as I was looking out. A great oak tree stood at the corner of the house; I watched it wrestling with the storm; I thought of the ship and trembled.

"Which way is the wind?" I involuntarily asked myself.

Looking again at the bending branches, I observed, as I did not consciously before, that it was blowing directly from the east. I felt my nerves shuddering, like the few dead leaves on the tree.

"It is a lee shore," I ejaculated, half aloud; "God have mercy on the ship."

It was not in my calm judgment of any danger likely to befall the vessel that I had apprehensions; nevertheless, I was troubled with a strange and almost weird impression that a terrible calamity was impending.

I tried to reason away my forebodings, but could not quiet them in this way.

"What did I fear?"

I hardly knew; still, I was fearful.

"Was it shipwreck?"

Why should I have thought of shipwreck? Yet I had involuntarily prayed God to save the ship.

"Was it time to be expecting his return?"

No; the last letters told us not to look for him till the 12th or 15th of the next month.

"Did I, then, think that the ship was near the coast?"

That could not be possible; for it was not to sail from Rio till the 1st of November.

"Was it possible, then, as I had told the children, that the storm could extend so far over the ocean?"

It did not seem credible that a gale on the coast of Maine could wreck a ship on the coast of Brazil.

"Was it likely that the ship had sailed earlier than I supposed?"

Then the letters would have certainly stated it; for I had already received them dated to the 6th of October.

"No; my fears are groundless," I said; "I will not distress myself with needless apprehensions."

But, notwithstanding these assurances to the contrary, the same forebodings still held possession of my mind. Nor could I by any effort rid myself of them. I tried to put them out of my thoughts, but they only returned with more vividness than before. A sudden gloom had fallen upon me, which seemed to grow darker and darker every moment, like a shadow.

I communicated my feelings to no one; for, as I endeavored to avoid thinking of the subject myself, I was but little disposed to speak of it to others.

That night, although I was not kept entirely awake, my sleep was disturbed. I had no distinct dream, but rather a dreamy consciousness of a troubled mind. Several times I awoke, with a chilling and half-shuddering sensation, which I attributed to the wind that was still rushing through the trees, and rattling against the window-blinds.

Wednesday was a raw, bleak day, extremely cold and windy, though the gale was not so high as during the night previous, and was evidently abating.

I rose early. My mind was more calm awake than asleep. Daylight soothes fear. I was not greatly troubled during the day, and my apprehensive forebodings seemed to be wearing away. The children were not out of the house a single moment, and their spirits were unusually merry. I was comforted by the subsiding of the storm, and hoped for the best.

At nightfall, a strong wind was blowing, but not a gale. During the night, however, I had the same restless sleep again. This time I knew it was not the wind that awakened me; for it made no noise on the panes. The air was not unusually cold, yet frequent chills crept over me, as before. I was gloomy and fearful, yet could not account for my feelings. My early sleep had been sound, but, waking shortly after midnight, I heard the clock strike, "one"—"two"—"three," in slow succession of wakeful hours. During most of this time I wept, till my pillow was wet with tears, and cold to my cheek. At last, however, I wearied myself to sleep once more, and did not waken till the sun was shining brightly between the edges of the blinds. I threw open the window, and looked out. It was as lovely a day as a winter's sun and sky could bring.

Before I left my room, two little hands had knocked at the door, and two cheerful voices had called out,

"Merry Christmas!"

In a moment afterward, I had forgotten the night. I hardly recalled my uneasiness for some hours. There was no Christmas festival for the children; only a holiday from school. The sun was warm, like a day in Indian summer; and they were glad to be out of doors. My younger sister Mary (who lived with me) was spending the afternoon at the house of Mrs. Blake, our nearest neighbor. John, the gardener, was away, not to return till after dark. When now I found myself alone, I began to be lonely. I remembered my wakefulness of the previous night, and found myself falling once more into the same moodiness and gloom. To divert my mind, I took a book and endeavored to interest myself in reading.

In the afternoon, while I was thus engaged, the children suddenly came running into the house, calling out at the top of their voices,

"Mother! Mother!"

I laid down my book, and opened the door to meet them as they came up stairs. They were in almost breathless excitement. Charlie was already at the top of the staircase. He had outrun Alice, who was nearly at the bottom.

"Mother! mother!" he exclaimed; "father is coming."

"Yes, mother," added Alice; "we saw him walking along the road."

"What?" I asked, half bewildered.

"Yes, he is coming," they answered; "we both saw him."

At first, I could not believe what they said.

"It is impossible;" I exclaimed; "you saw some one else."

"No, mother," replied Charlie; "he is coming on the road; look out of the window."

I did not look out of the window, but went immediately down stairs, the children following. It was just four o'clock; this I remember, for the hour was striking while we were going down; I mention it here, for afterwards I thought the occurrence very singular.

"If you saw your father coming, why didn't you wait to meet him?" I asked.

"Oh!" replied Alice, "I was going to run to him, but he looked so strange that I was frightened."

"He was dripping wet," said Charlie.

"Dripping wet!" I ejaculated, trembling, while the same sudden chill crept over me that had wakened me in the night.

"He had no hat on his head," continued Alice; "and his hair, and hands, and clothes were all dripping."

"He was dressed in a big jacket," said Charlie, "and it was all wet, and he held a long rope in his hand."

I ran in a moment to the front door, out at the gate, and into the road. I looked eagerly up and down, but saw no one. I then turned to the children, who had just come up behind me—

"Where did you see him?"

"There!" they cried, both pointing in the same direction; "he was coming this way."

"No," said I; "you must have seen some one else; he is not here."

"It was my own father, and Alice's," said Charlie; "I know it was."

"Yes," added Alice; "he looked at us and then beckoned; and I saw the water drip from his hand."

The little children would take no denial; they had seen their father; they knew his face.

I went into the house for my bonnet and shawl, and walked up the road, the children with me. Not that I really expected to see him; for, in the first place, I still did not believe that he had been seen by them, and, in the next place, if he were anywhere near, I would have found it out without going further; for the road was straight and level, and any object on it could be distinctly seen at a distance of three-quarters of a mile or more, each way from the house. But I was strangely excited, and resolved to walk as far as Mrs. Blake's, that I might inquire if any one had been seen on the road, and who it was that the children had mistaken for their father.

"At least," I thought, "I will have company back, for I will ask Mary to come with me."

For with my strange feelings and fears, I did not wish to be alone, even for a moment.

On the way, I made further and more particular inquiries of the children; but to all my questions they returned no other answers than they had already given. They had seen their father on the road, walking toward them; he looked very pale, and was dripping wet; he wore a sailor's jacket, and had no hat; he was carrying a coil of rope in his hand; he had distinctly beckoned to them; they had looked at him a few moments, and then, becoming frightened, had run away. Of all this they were sure; and they repeated it over again and again.

On reaching the house, I heard the noisy cheer of the Christmas party within. Their merriment fell with painful contrast upon my gloominess. I rang the bell, but merely asked for my sister, and would not go in. I had no heart to see any one but her. She came to the door, and asked me what was the matter. I told her that I was very sad, and wished her to come home with me immediately.

"But what has happened?" she asked; "you look pale."

"The children say that they have seen their father," I replied; "and I have been looking for him, but he has gone."

"That is very singular," said she.

"Yes," I replied; "come, I cannot tell you the rest here."

We immediately started for home. On the road, I related to her the circumstances in detail, mentioning also my unhappiness of the previous days, which I had not before divulged. The strange impression which the occurrence had already made upon me was increased rather than diminished, as I communicated my apprehensions to her; so that I could not resist saying—what I secretly had feared almost from the first moment I found that the children were in earnest—

"I believe Charles is drowned!"

"What?" she exclaimed, "Drowned?"

I think my sister, who was of a timid nature, was more startled at the idea itself than at any belief of its truth. But she was deeply affected, either from one cause or the other, although she quickly recovered herself as she felt a desire to relieve my apprehension.

"Do not attempt to hide your fears, Mary," said I; "I shall prepare myself for the worst, for I am persuaded that Charles has been shipwrecked, or that some other calamity has befallen him. I have a strange impression that he is dead."

"Why will you persist in talking in that way?" she exclaimed, in a tone that showed she was excited, and even less calm than I.

"The children must have seen something," I replied; "and what could it have been but a vision of their father?"

"Jane, you frighten me," said she; "pray, do not let the children hear what you are saying."

Mary spoke not another word on the way home, nor did I. She took Charlie by the hand, and I took Alice; and we walked silently to the house.

That evening, the children, who were more tired than usual, went early to bed. Mary brought her work-basket, and sat with me. I said but little, and she was disposed, seeing that I was in no mood for conversation, to allow my thoughts their own course.

In fact, the subject was hardly mentioned between us for several days; though during this time it was hardly for an hour out of my mind.

At length, however, on the following Tuesday evening, while sitting with Mary, and attempting, as once before, to lose myself in a book, I suddenly exclaimed, more than half aloud,

"When shall we hear again from Charles?"

"I hope soon," said Mary, "to put an end to your foolish fears."

At this moment, I heard John's tread on the steps, coming up stairs—a somewhat unusual circumstance, as he seldom had need to come into that part of the house. Mary opened the door before he knocked.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I have a letter," he replied.

"Is it from Capt. Stone?" I asked eagerly, rising from my chair and going toward the door.

"I think it's from a stranger," he returned. "It was given me by a passenger when the stage stopped, who told me to carry it to you without delay."

I took the letter, and he retired. It was without postmark, and had not come through the mail. I opened it, and read as follows:

"TUESDAY MORNING.

"MADAM: I write in haste a brief note, to break to your mind unwelcome news. The ship 'Two Marys,' from Rio Janiero, has just arrived at Portland, in a disabled condition, and without its captain. We were caught a week ago in a violent gale off Cape Elizabeth, which we stood out against for forty-eight hours without accident; until, on Christmas day, about 4 p. m. the wind having greatly abated, but the sea being still high, Capt. Stone, in attempting to coil a rope on the quarter, lost his balance, from a sudden lurch of the ship, and was thrown overboard. He held the rope in his hand, but unfortunately, as it had no fastening on board the vessel, it could not be made the means of his rescue. Every possible effort was put forth to recover him, but in vain. He struggled manfully so long as he was able to keep up, but was soon overcome by being entangled in the rope. The accident was not noticed at the moment of its occurrence; and before he was seen, the ship had drifted from him to a considerable distance. We could not hear any cry, but just before he went down he raised one hand out of the water, as a signal for help. This was our last sight of him.

"I will only mention further that I was one of the passengers on board; and as, on arriving in Portland, I was immediately to pass this way, I was requested by the owners to send you a line which might reach you before the letter which they will send by the first mail, giving further particulars of this distressing event. You have my most heartfelt sympathy for your loss.

I am yours, very truly,

"WILLIAM ADAIR,
"Bangor."

I need not attempt to describe—as indeed I cannot recall—the confused and bewildering emotions with which I read this fatal letter, which at last scattered all my hopes and confirmed all my fears. I will only say that other letters followed, explaining more fully the circumstances of the ship's distress, and of my husband's loss; one of which, from the second mate (his nephew), mentioned that "Capt. Stone had hoped to surprise his family, with an unannounced and unexpected Christmas visit."

Three years have now passed since the date of this singular event. I have spent this Christmas night in putting the circumstances on paper. The facts occurred strictly as I have narrated them. They were so vividly impressed upon my mind, at the time, that I could not since have forgotten, and cannot now misstate, a single detail. Even at this interval, I can scarcely think of the occurrence without a sudden sensation similar to the premonition that came over me before it happened. I will not attempt to determine to what cause so strange a phenomenon is to be attributed. Whether the children actually had a vision of their father, I cannot say—and yet I cannot doubt. But I sometimes regret that I could not have seen with my own eyes what they saw with theirs. It would, at least, have been something for remembrance of the dead; while now, my sorrow is without the poor, common solace of a grave.

## SKIPPER GEORGE'S STORY.

[The following homely and pathetic narrative is from "The New Priest in Conception Bay," a remarkable novel just published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, and said to be by the Rev. R. T. S. Lowell, an Episcopalian clergyman of Newark, N. J., and a brother of Lowell the poet.]

"DO'EE mind about ten years ago, in Newfoundland, sir?" began Skipper George, turning his steady eyes to his hearer, and speaking as if the date or the years since the date had been painful to him; "the hard year that was when they had the 'ralls,' they called 'em?"

"Yes; though I was in England at the time, I know pretty well what happened in Newfoundland. It was a sad time."

"Ay, sir, 'twas a sad time. Many people suffered; some wanted food, and more agen got broken in spirit (and that's bad for a man), and some got lawless like. 'Twas a sad time, indeed!" Skipper George, having lingered thus before his tale, began it abruptly: "Well, sir, it was on the sixteen day of January—a Thursday 'twas—I was acomun down Backside from the Cosh, hau'ling a slide-load o' timber, an' my youngest son wi' me. It had abeen a fine day, first goun off (for a winter's day), wi' just a flurry o' snow now and agen, and a deal o' snow on the ground, till about afternoon it begun to blow from about West and by Nothe, or thereaway, heavy and thick, an' growun heavier an' heavier, an' bitter co'd. Oh! 'twas bitter cold! We did n' say much together, George an' I, but we got along so fast as ever we could. 'Twas an hour or two before night, mubbe; and George says to me, 'Let's lave the slide, father!' 'Twas n' but we could ha' kep' on wi' it, though 'twas tarrible cold, hard work; but 'twas somethun else!

"So we turned the slide out of the way and laved her, and comed on. 'Twas blowun gales up over Backside; we could sca'ce keep our feet; and I hard somethun like a voice—I suppose I was thinkun o' voices—an' I brought right up into the wind. 'Twas just like beun at sea, in a manner, and a craft drivin' right across our wake, an' would ha' been out o' sight an' hearun in a minute. Then I knowed by the sound 'twas the Minister. (We did n' have e'er a reverend gentleman of our own in they days; but 'e lived over in Sandy Harbor and 'e'd oose to go all round the Bay). We could sca'ce bide together, but I was proper glad to meet un (for a minister's a comfort, 'ee know, sir;) an' 'e said, '*Is anybody out?*' 'There's two o' brother Izik's orphans, sir, I'm afeared, an' others along wi' 'em,' I said. So 'e said, 'God help them!' 'Where are *your* 'two other boys, James and Maunsell?' 'Along wi' brother Izik's two,' I said. 'Twas blowun tarrible hard, and cold, and thick; an' the minister turned wi' us, and we comed up, ploddun through the driftun snow, and over the rudge. When we opened the door, first the mother thought there was four of us; and so she said, 'James!' for we was all snowed over; but she sid ther was only three, and 'twas the minister wi' us two. So she begged his parden, an' told un our poor boys were out agunnun, an' she was an ole punt they had. We were all standun (for we didn't think o' nawthin but the boys) when two comed into the door all white wi' snow. 'Twas n' they two, sir, but 'twas my bevy Jesse an' another. 'Haven't they comed?' 'e said. 'Dear, what's keepun they?'

"Jessie had abin out, too, wi' Izik Maffen and Zippity Marchant, an' they were all over to back-side o' Sandy Harbor together; on'y our poor young men were about three parts of a mile further down, mubbe. So, when it comed on to blow, Jessie an' his crew made straight for Back-Cove an' got in, though they were weak-handed, for one had hurted his hand-wrist—and so, in about three hours, they got round by land, an' thought the tother poor fellows would do so well. 'What can us do, Uncle Georgie?' 'e said; for he's a proper true-hearted man, sir, an' 'e was a'most cryun. 'First, we can pray,' said the minister; an' so he said a prayer. I make no doubt I was thinkun too much over the poor young fellows; and the wind made a tarrible great bellowing down the chimley and all round the house, an' so I was ruther aw'y from it more 'an I ought. Then the minister an' Jesse an' I started out. My mistress didn' want me to go; but I could't bide; an' so, afore we'd made much w'y up the harbor agen the wind, an' growun dark (though 'twasn't snowun), we met a man comun from tother side, Abram Frank, an' 'e said last that was seen of our four was, they were pulun in for Hobbie's Hole, an' then somethun seemed to give way like, wi' one of 'em rownun, an' then they gave over and put her aw'y before the wind, an' so long as they could see anything of em' one standun up sculling astarn. (That was my James, sir!")

A very long, gently breathed sigh here made itself heard in the deep hush, and as Mr. Debree turned he saw the sweet face of Skipper George's daughter turned up to her father, with tears swimming in both eyes and glistening on her cheek. She had come up behind, and now possessed herself quietly of her father's hand.

"So we turned back, an' the minister wi' us ('twas a cruel night to be out in), an' the wind a'most took an' lifted us, an' eot us down by the foot o' the path over the rudge; but when we got atop here, and it comed athwart, it brought us all down knelun, an' we could sca'ce get over to the door. The poor mother got up from the chimley-corner and came for'ard, but she needn' ask anythin; an' there was a pretty young thing by the fire (*this girl was a little thing, asleep, but there was a pretty young thing there*) that never got up nor looked round: 'twas Milly Ressle, that was troth-plight to James. They was to have been married in a week, if the Lord willed; and 'twas for 'e's house we were drawun out the timber. She just rocked herself on the bench. She's gone, long enough ago, now, sir!

"So the minister took the Book, and read a bit. I heard un, and I didn't hear un; for I was aw'y out upon the stormy waters wi' the poor young men. Oh, what a night it was! it's no use! blowun an' bellowun an' freezun, an' ice all along shore to leeward!

"Well then, sir, about two hours o' night, there comed a lull, an' then there was a push or shake at the door, an' another—an' another (so it was, we all thought), and then the door banged open. There wasn' a one of us but was standun upon 'is feet, an' starun out from the kitchun, when it oped. 'Twas nawthing but cold blasts comed in, an' then a lull agen for a second or two. So I shut to the door; an' the poor mother broke out acryun, an' poor Milly fell over, an' slipped right down upon the hearth-stone. We had a heavy time of it that night, sir; but when the door banged open that time, this child that was a little thing then, lyun upon the bench sleepun, made a soart of gurgle, like, when the first sound comed to the door, and then when the flaws o' wind comed in she smiled and smiled agen, and laughed as of a body m'y be sayun pooty things to her in d'ytime. Jessie sid it, an' plucked me by the coat-sleeve, and I sid it, too.

"Well, sir, night passed: 'ee may be sure we didn' sleep much, on'y cat-naps; and once or twice I falled into a kind of a dwall, and started, thinkun *they* was speakun to me. Mornun comed slow and cold—colder than night. So the nighbors comed in at mornun, and sat by; and now an' agen one 'ould say they were fine young men; an' after a bit another 'd say James was a brave heart, and how he saved a boat's crew three years ago, scullun them into B'y-Harbor; an' so they said how he begun to teach in Sunday school Sunday before; an' how brave 'e was, when they sid the last of un, scullun aw'y round the point and over the b'y for t'other side, or for Bell-Isle, or some place to leeward. So they said James 'ould take 'em safe, plase God, an' we'd hear of 'em some place over the b'y in a d'y or two. Then they said they wondered ef the young men could keep from freezing their handes, an' said mubbe they wouldn' git touched, for they was all well-clothed, an' James 'ould keep up their spirits, an' brother Izik's little George was a merry boy, an' great playgame for the rest; an' my Maunsell an' 'e's tother cousin, John, were steady young men, an' wouldn' give up very easy; but they were both quiet, and looked up to James, though John was a good bit older.

"Wull, sir, the day went on, cold, cold, an' blowun heavy, an' the water black an' white, wi' white shores, an' slob-ice all along; an' more, agen, an' heavier, to leeward, sartenly. We could n' stir hand or foot that day, nor next; but the Lord's Day came in softer, an' we got a good crew an' a stout punt to sarch for the four poor boys that had been three days a missun, an' old Mr. Williamson, the clerk that is now, sir, made a prayer over us before we laved. When we comed to put off, they left me standun; I make no doubt but Jesse maned to spare me; but I called un back, for I said, why should I be settun wi' my hands folded, or walking about, lookun out over the water, and I may just so well be doun somethun like a father for my sons an' for my brother's orphans?

"We made for Broad Cove; for so we thought the wind would ha' driven the poor young fellows a-Thursday; but we couldn't get into Broad Cove, for the slob an' cakes of ice. The shore looked tarrible cruel!"

Skipper George sate thoughtful a moment, and then began again.

"At Port'gal Cove," he continued, looking over at the water, "they did n' know about e'er a punt, an' no more they did n' at Broad Cove, nor Holly-Rood; for we staid three days, an' walked an' sarched all over. An' so a Thursday morn agen we comed back home; 'twas cold, but still. So when we comed round Peter-Point (that's it over at the outside o' Blazun Head, yonder), every man, a'most, looked over his shoulder, thinkin mubbe they'd got in; but 'twas n' so. They had n' come, nor they hadn' been hard from. So my mistress, an' Milly, an' George, an' I, an' this maid kneeled down after I'd told 'em how 'twas, an' prayed to the good Lord.

"An' so we waited, an' didn' hear from the four poor boys, not for a good many days!"

Skipper George stopped here again for awhile.

"Awell, sir, then there comed word over that some men had abin found at Broad Cove! It was n' known who they were; but we knowed. So they got Mr. Worner's boat, an' a crew of them went round, and Skipper 'Enery Ressle, an' Skipper Izik Ressle (that was Milly's father), an' Skipper Izik Marchant ('e was n' Skipper then, however), but a many friends goed in her, I could n' go that time, sir.

"'Twas about sun-goun-down, she comed in. Never a word nor a sound! She looked black, scemunly; an' no colors nor flag. 'Twas they! Sure enough, 'twas they!

"A man had sid a punt all covered wi' ice, an' hauled her up; an' when he comed to clear away the ice, there was a man, seemunly, in the for'ard part! He called the nighbors; an', sure enough, there 'e was, an' another one, along wi' un; an' both seemunly a-kneelun an' leanun over the for'ard th'art. They were the two brothers, John an' little George, frozen stiff, an' two arms locked together! They died pr'yun, sir, most likely; so it seemed. They was good lads, sir, an' they knowed their God!

"So, then, they thought there was n' more ——"

The fisherman here made a longer pause, and getting up from his seat, said "I'll be back, after a bit, sir"; and walking away from Mr. Debree and his daughter, stood for a little while with his back toward them and his head bare.

The maiden bent her gentle face upon her knee within her two hands. The moonlight glossed her rich black hair, glanced from her white cap, and gave a grace to her bended neck. At the first motion of her father to turn about, she rose to her feet and awaited him. Upon him, too—on his head, bared of its hair, above, on his broad, manly front, and on his steady eye—the moonlight fell beautifully. Mr. Debree rose, also, to await for him.

Skipper George came back and took up his broken story.

"Bumbye, sir, when they comed to the after-part of the boat, there they found a young man lyun in the starn sheets, wi' no coat, an' his—an' his—his poor, lovun arm under 'is brother's neck; an' the tother had the jacket rolled up for a pillow under his head, an' I suppose 'e died there, sleepun upon the jacket, that 'is brother rolled up for un."

The voice of the father was very tender and touching; but he did not give way to tears.

"So, sir, that young man had done 'is part, and sculled 'em safe right along wi' the tarrible cruel gale, aw'y over a twenty miles or more, to a safe cove, an' his handwristes were all worn aw'y wi' workun at the oar; but 'e never thought of a cruel gate of ice right afore the cove; an' so we made no doubt when 'e found that, in dark night, and found 'e could n' get through, nor 'e could n' walk over, then 'e gave hisself up to his God, an' laid down, an' put his tired arm round his brother; an' so there they were, sir, in short after that (it couldn' ha' been long), there was four dead men in their boat, awaitun, outside o' Broad Cove, tull some one 'ould come an' take their poor bodies, an' strip aw'y the ice from 'em an' put 'em in the ground, that comes more nat'ral, in a manner, sir!

"—They did n' find e'er an oar—whatever becamed of 'em; but they found their poor guns, an' the two orphans had their names cut 'John Barbury,' an' 'George Barbury,' an' one of 'em had 'Pet—' for Peterport, an' couldn' cut no more, for cold—an' death.

"There was three guns cut; an' one had 'James Barb—,' that poor Maunsell must ha' cut, poor fellow, afore the deadly cold killed un. So the kind people that found the poor boys, they thought James was a respectable young man, an' when they comed to lay 'em out, in the schoolhouse (they were proper kind, sir), they put a ruffle-shirt on him, o' linen.

"So, sir, the minister comed over an' buried the dead. Four coffins were laid along the aisle, wi' a white sheet over every one, because we had n' palls: James, an' Maunsell, of George, an' John, an' little George, of Izik; an' we put two brothers in one grave, an' two brothers in another, side by side, an' covered them!"

A MALE NUN.—For the last forty years, in the quiet old tumble-down city of Versailles, inhabited by decayed Legitimist families, a lady dressed in the garb of a semi-monastic style was known to pursue the even tenor of her way, received into the local circles of aristocracy, and in receipt from a noble family of 6,000 francs annuity, as ex-abbess of a suppressed monastery. At her death this week she turns out to be a man. The real abbess must have died in emigration, and a swindler of the rougher sex, getting her papers, has personated her for near half a century. The name of the deceased androgyne was Countess de Solege de Lange. The matter makes no noise, people only shrug up their shoulders.

The daughter of Ary Scheffer is still busy in bringing together a collection of her father's works for exhibition.

## LOWELL AS A SATIRIST.

From The North British Review.

WHATEVER satiric power has arisen in England during the sixty years which have elapsed since the appearance of the "Anti-Jacobin" has been devoted to subjects of too transient an interest to be the foundation of abiding verse. This has been rather the misfortune than the fault of the satirists; for, during that time, we cannot call to mind that any abuse has been developed to a sufficiently conspicuous and dangerous extent to become deserving of the lash of a first-rate poet. For many years past, satire seems to have died out altogether; and it is only within the last season or two that it has shown any tendency to revive. All at once we have a batch of small satirists—Mr. Bailey at their head—in England, and one really powerful satirist in America, namely, Mr. J. R. Lowell, whose "Biglow Papers" we most gladly welcome as being not only the best volume of satires since the Anti-Jacobin, but also the first work of real and efficient poetical genius which has reached us from the United States. We have been under the necessity of telling some unpleasant truths about American literature, from time to time; and it is with hearty pleasure that we are now able to own that the Britishers have been, for the present, utterly, and apparently hopelessly, beaten, by a Yankee, in one important department of Poetry. In the United States social and political evils have a breadth and tangibility which are not at present to be found in the condition of any other civilized country. The "peculiar domestic institution," the filibustering tendencies of the nation, the tyranny of a vulgar "public opinion," and the charlatanism, which is the price of political power, are butts for the shafts of the satirist, which European poets may well envy Mr. Lowell. We do not pretend to affirm that the evils of European society may not be as great, in their own way, as those which afflict the credit of the United States—with the exception, of course, of slavery, which makes "American freedom" deservedly the laughing-stock of the world—but what we do say is, that the evils in point have a boldness and simplicity about them which our more sophisticated follies have not; and that, a hundred years hence, Mr. Lowell's Yankee satires will be perfectly intelligible to every one, whereas most of the subjects offered by European politics are such as would require an explanatory commentary twenty years hence, just as is the case at present with the satires of Byron and Moore. The only subject in the social state of England at all rivalling in satiric capabilities any one of a half-dozen subjects seized by the author of the "Biglow Papers" is the strange and portentous despotism which threatens, as usual, to rise from the very heart of freedom—a despotism against which songs and assassins would be equally powerless, namely, that of the newspaper-press, which combines the two most fatal elements of tyranny, popularity, and an enmity to all individual excellence. A newspaper is a trading speculation, which must rely for its success, in a very large measure, upon the skill with which it follows the prejudices of the many while it appears to teach them. The danger which would arise to the life of freedom—though not perhaps to its external forms—should any one paper ever acquire such a preponderance as to leave any person or party whom it might choose to injure without appeal—for the most fatal injuries are not "actionable"—is one which has made the hearts of the best and bravest tremble; and we regret that a subject in every way so worthy of the indignant eloquence of the greatest poets should as yet have found no better treatment than that of Mr. Bailey's, whose verses on this subject we append as a fair specimen of his last poem:

"But even in England may be found
A tyranny that's greatly gaining ground;
Though less upon the ladder's lowest round
Than on the upper; the mid-classes most.
From filling, first, a very humble post,
The Typocrat now rules from coast to coast;
Who, rattling off a leader while you are winking,
Has almost stifled independent thinking.
As people pray in Tartary by machines,
So here by dailys, weeklys, magazines,
Each turns his wordy mill, which nothing means;
So deftly now the Press, of scribbling power,
Inflates the favorite folly of the hour;
Some grand delusion happily long covert,
But ripe at last for sale in market overt;
That when its influence seems most comprehensive,
Its worthlessness but shows the more extensive.
And this because its prosperousness depends,
Not on its speaking truths, but making friends,
Sway o'er weak minds, and gain its only ends.
Has ever one, when war-tide was at flood,
Called to the people—'Hold, friends! it were good,
Ere we commit our hands to blows or blood,
To scan those maxims which, in cooler hours,
We have maintained, as Christians, must be ours,
And conscience may admit as motive powers?'
Soon as the scent of blood first taints the air,
The sleuth hounds of the Press at once are there,
All philanthropic cant is cast away;
To rouse ill passions is to make them pay.
With polished pens and learning at command,
Although their reasoning rarely could withstand
A Sunday scholar's logic in the land,
Yet types—the Press—the body of the nation."

We cannot give a better example of the difference between true and false satire than by appending to the diffuse and flabby verse of "The Age" the following four lines, which are the conclusion of Mr. Lowell's "Pious Editor's Creed."

"In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally;
For it's a thing that I perceive
To have a sold vally."

Satire at once so genial and good-humored, and yet so fatal as that of "Ezekiel Biglow," is, indeed, a relief after the weary platitudes which have recently appeared, under the name of satire, in England. Out of a volume, as full as it can hold, of good stuff, we shall take, almost at random, a few specimens, for the edification of that large proportion of our readers to whom this very remarkable work is probably unknown.

There is no portion of "Hudibras" itself which is, space for space, so abundant in fun and hard hits as the "Remarks of Increase D. O'Phace, Esquire, at an extrumpery caucus in State street," from which these are stray sentences:

"I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for thet kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
*Because it's a crime no one ever committed;*
But he musn't be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

"Constitoounts are hendy to help a man in,
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a pin.
Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle Sam's pus,
So they've nothin' to du with 't fer better or wus;
It's the folks that are kind o' brought up to depend on't,
Thet hev any consarn in't, an' thet is the end on't."

The reckless fun of the following lines is more like Rabelais that any other satirist:

"We'd assumed with great skill *a commandin position,*
*On this side or thet, no one couldn't tell wich one,*
So, wutever side wipped, we'd a chance at the plunder,
And could sue fer infringin' our paytented thunder;
We were ready to vote for whoever waz eligible,
Ef on all pints at issoo he'd stay unintelligible.
Wal, sposin' we hed to gulp down our perfessions,
We were ready to come out next mornin' with fresh ones;
Besides, ef we did, 'twas our business alone,
Fer couldn't we du wut we would with our own?
An' ef a man can, wen pervisions hev riz so,
Eat up his own words, it's a marcy it is so."

We wish that we had space to quote the whole description of the incident which led to Mr. Sawin's conversion to slavery doctrines, but we can only give a few lines here and there:

"Ez for the niggers, I've ben South, an' thet hez changed my mind;
A lazier, more ungrateful set you couldn't nowers find.
* * * * * * *
I shou'dered queen's-arms and stumped out, ah! when I come t' th' swamp,
T'worn't very long afore I gut upon the nest o' Pomp.
* * * * * * *
Wal, I jest gut 'em into a line, an' druv 'em on a fore me,
The pie'nons brutes, I'd no idee o' the ill-will they bore me.
We walked till som'ers about noon, an' then it grew so hot
I thought it best to camp awhile, so I chose out a spot,
Then I unstrapped my wooden leg, coz it begun to chafe,
An' laid it down jest by my side, supposin' all wuz safe."

Pomp, however, "snaked up behind," and stole the leg, robbed him of his pistols, and took him prisoner to the swamp.

"An kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months, an' worked me, tu, like sin,
Till I bed gut his corn and his Carlino taters in;
He made me larn him readin', tu (although the crittur saw
How much it hut my morril sense to act again the law),
So'st he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed if I could pint
The North Star out; but there I put his nose some cut o' jint,
For I weeled roun' about sun'-west, an', lookin' up a bit,
Picked out a middlin' shiny one an' told him thet was it.
Fin'lly, he took me to the door, an', givin' me a kick,
Sez—'Ef you know wut's best fer ye, be off now, double-quick.'"

Mr. Lowell, in satirizing war, pursues the same erroneous track as Mr. Bailey; but with what inimitable humor!

"We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wot's right an' wot aint,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee."
* * * * * * *

We conclude our extracts from the Biglow Papers with a passage, the writing and publishing of which shows more moral courage in Mr. Lowell than would go to the winning a Victoria Cross in an ordinary battlefield. A century hence, Old America will feel grateful and proud of a poet who dared to tell Young America such truths, à propos, of the Mexican war, as these:

* * * * * * *
"An' here we are ascrougin' 'em out o' thir dominions,
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis,
And walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an' houses;
Wal, it does seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!
*It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar Anglo-saxon.*
* * * * * * *
*"Thet our nation's bigger 'n theirn an' so it's rights are bigger,*
An' thet it's all to make 'em free that we air pullin' trigger,
Thet Anglo Saxondom's idee 's abreakin' 'em to pieces,